THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 50. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Division 17 Elects New Officers Who Have a Fine Record in the Organization and in the Irish Cause Generally.

Good Effected in the Order by the Friendly Criticisms that Have Appeared in the Columns of "The Citizen."

Considerable interest is taken in the elections of officers for the divisions, and promises good selections as well as competent officials. I am glad to note that the contests generally are closest for the offices of secretaries, and assure the brothers that with good secretaries much better work can be accomplished. I have had submitted for my persusal the reports forwarded by the divisions to the State Secretary, and sympathize with that earnest and much afflicted official. I fail to understand why presidents will sign reports containing errors so palpable, and hope, for their own sake, that they will be more careful in putting their names to papers whose contents convince us the officials never read the same. However, I am of opinion that the constant reiteration of our society's needs has had good effect, and notwithstanding some have said that I am constantly finding fault, the causes of error will be reduced in number if not entirely abolished.

Division No. 17 has selected Brothers Martin Mulcahy and Lawrence Henely as president and vice-president respectively, with Roger Mulcahy as recording secretary, J. Burke financial secretary, and P. O'Brien as treasurer. The division is in a very healthy condition numerically and financially, and will, I am confident, prosper in '96 under the care of one of our best and oldest Hibernians, the president elect.

Division No. 35 re-elected all its old officers, and their splendid success in the ball given Dec. 7 was an evidence of the harmony and enterprise among the members.

Division No. 19 wisely retained Brother Thomas as president, and putting the veteran Brother James Waldron at the financial secretary's desk, Brother Michael Kennedy will be treasurer; Brother Kelly was chosen recording secretary, Brother O'Shea vice president, and stalwart Brother P. Kennedy No. 1 will officiate as marshal fot the ensuing term. Div. 19 is blessed with five brothers of the same name, and to enable the perplexed secretary to distinguish ther are numbered respectively from one to five.

The other divisions will complete their elections before the end of December, and when the County Board meets on Jan. 12, some changes will be noted. Some of the old-time A.O.H. men, who were laid down to make room for experiments which wroved failures, will be again back in harness. I welcome such back to the field of labor, and rejoice at the vitality of the veterans who were never wanting in the hour of need. We may miss some whose career during the last year was more remarkable than praiseworthy, but we trust retirement will bring forth reflection, which in turn will beget wisdom. The duties of the officers of '95 are not yet fully discharged, as on them yet devolves the labor of rounding out the year with a successful entertainment on Dec. 31. I am confident of the result, but wish to remind our friends that *constant diligence is the price of success* and hence ask them to continue their labors with that unabated vigor which has effected so much during the past.

I have had a curious characteristic of an individual brought to my notice which almost ended correspondence on A.O.H. matters. It appears that some of the censure implied in previous letters struck an enterprising but mendacious compatriot of ours as intended for some acquaintance of his own, who was of sensitive nature. With mind on trouble bent he draws the attention of his victim to the sentence whose garbled meaning he urged was meant for some occurrence in which they figured. This species of insect, hybrid offspring of mosquito and horsefly, should be slaughtered on sight, metaphorically speaking. His breed is the cause of more trouble than we can undo with a year's work. There is not a line written in the "Gossip" intended to be personal. I aim to inprove, by noting for a reader's attention, conditions which require change, and recommending avoidance of errors in methods. It is hoped the silly criticism of designing individuals will not mislead or prejudice any one into the belief that personalities would be indulged in or permitted by any correspondent of THE CITIZEN.

The annual reports must be forwarded as quickly as possible. County President Henely will have something worth reporting this year, and it is hoped the delay of last year will not be repeated. Presidents of divisions should interest themselves in this matter, and urging the secretaries in their work of making out those reports promptly and correctly. It is premature to comment on the work of the last year until the reports are received from the divisions, but one feature of our society is certainly worthy of notice and congratulation. No matter how many are the changes in the personnel of our officers, no matter how novel are the methods introduced to swell our membership, no matter how great the number or brilliant the character or ability of our new members, the old Hibernians who pulled the organization through the trials of ten years are still the patient wheelhorses of the society, the majority of its attendance and the readiest to respond to its call. May providence in its wisdom spare those sterling hearts to our Order's ranks and our country's cause, to enable them to complete their arduous labors. When the writer looks back on years of pleasant association, and recalls the faces that came and went, the voices which for a spell near split the heavens and sunk to a faint whisper, he notes that at all times were the veteran few watching at their posts, their earnest faces aglow with enthusiasm, their voices appealing, upbraiding, defying in behalf of the A.O.H. The reflection is comforting that those true soldiers will never be wanting, and that in their wisdom they labor to secure men who in turn will work, when they are gone, with equal zeal for the Hibernian society.

Brothers, we are almost on the threshold of the new year, and it is ill waste to repine the fleeing past, but let us learn from its lessons rules which will guide us in the future. We have worked faithfully and well; our county officers have proved themselves worthy of our confidence and entitled to our gratitude; we have little to regret and much to encourage. Let us enter on the coming year, with that determination which will compel success and enhance the benefits and reputation of that best of organizations, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, whose merits and labors are being more appreciated as knowledge of the same reaches the people of our race as yet strangers to the Divisions.

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ST. LOUIS IRISHMEN.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 24, over 3,500 enthusiastic ladies and gentlemen sat in the Music Hall of the Exposition, St Louis, Mo., and while commemorating the twenty-eighth anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs, took action which will result in the enlistment of the Irish citizens of St. Louis in the movement inaugurated last September in Chicago known as the Irish National Alliance. On the stage were assembled a cosmopolitan aggregation of Irish-American gentlemen and Irish sympathizers. Among those occupying seats were Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, Hon. O'Neill Ryan, Judge Dillon, Judge Spalding, Colonel Churchill, Colonel Schawite, E. V. Matlock, John Finn, Patrick Burns, Dr. J. J. Kane, ex-Fire Chief Lindsay, City Auditor Brown, P. Degnan, H. O'Flynn, M. Glaser, T. A. Rice, A. A. Agulerre of Cuba, J. McDonald, Dr. F. W. McNamara of Chicago, P. T. Madden, ex-Mexican Consul Cahill, W. A. Hobbs, L. McLaughlin, Night Chief of Police Kiely, M. K. McGrath, M. E. Smith, Walter Dwyer, Dr. P. S. O'Reilly, James Kelley, M. J. Connor, Rev. Father Ziegler, P. J. Gegan, Col. Harry Hill, Daniel McGlynn of East St. Louis, Thomas Kavanaugh and J. O'Connell of Des Moines, Iowa; F. S. Cooke, Col. Josepn Boyce, Emil Karst, John H. McCarthy.

Mr. Joseph McDonald, chairman of the executive committee, called the gathering to order and introduced Dr. Thomas O'Reilly to preside. The latter, in a few well chosen sentences, introduced the orator of the evening, the Hon. Marcus Kavanagh of Chicago. Prior to his appearance telegrams and messages of regret at their inability to attend were read from a long list of well known Americans, among them Gov. Stone, Rev. W. W. Boyd, Senator Vest, Senator Cockrell, Marcus Bernheimer, Lee Meriwether, and John W. Coleman.

Judge Kavanagh's was a masterly effort, characterized by dramatic force and graceful delivery. He dwelt with feeling upon the heroism of the three martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, who were but types of their race, and whose cruel fate served to keep alive in Irish bosoms the sparks of freedom. In his bitter arraignment of the English government the speaker more than once evoked tumultuous applause. He declared that the British government of today is still true to the combination of Norman overbearance when in the ascendant and Saxon cringing when thwarted that has been its main trait for the past eight hundred years. Concluding, Judge Kavanagh said in part:

"We are met with the argument that the independence of Ireland is impossible. That England is a nation of forty millions; that she is the richest empire on earth; her morning drum-beat follows the sun upon its course around the world, and her sails whiten every known sea. In her very vastness is the secret of her weakness. Every mile of coast needs a man-of-war. Tonight the Russian army is encamped about Herat and the shadow of the Cossack sentry as he marches past the watchfire falls upon the gates of the Indies. She fears, but she dare not complain. She sees the danger, but she dare not lift a hand. During two hundred years she has not unaided faced a European power. Only twice in two centuries has she without allies faced a white man on the field of battle. The first experiment ended when Lord Cornwallis surrendered his sword at Yorktown, and the second was proven a failure before the cannon of General Jackson at New Orleans. The third will come when in the near future England is driven forever from the face of the American continent.

"We are twenty-five millions strong; there runs in our veins the same blood which dyed Limerick's walls, which won fame at Fontenoy and turned the whirlwind of battle with Sheridan at Winchester. Who dares say that in the future when the great European struggle comes we may not, foot to foot and breast to breast, upon a fair field prove to the world against the old foe that the blood of our race flows still strong and undefiled as in the old days; that Ireland owns yet her place among the nations of the earth, and that the hope of her martyrs was a prophecy from heaven—'God Save Ireland.'"

No sooner had Judge Kavanagh finished than Dr. Gorman rose to move the resolutions.

A seconder then stepped forward in Col. Harry M. Hill. Perhaps the most remarkable passage of a remarkable speech was when Colonel Hill, turning to the gentlemen on the stage, declared that he expected to see old Ireland free again and to see Dr. Thomas O'Reilly and Hon. O'Neill Ryan walking hand in hand on the soil of their beloved and liberated country.

Resolutions denunciatory of factious spirit among Irish leaders or representatives; condemnatory of English politicians of all shades of opinion; sympathetic with the Irish political prisoners confined in British penitentiaries, sympathizing with Cuba, and indorsing the Irish National Alliance, were passed amid enthusiasm, and then the meeting adjourned.

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HERE'S TO THE COUNTY GALWAY!

BY E. J. BARRETT.

No matter wheresoe'er I roam
In foreign lands across the foam,
My thoughts will always fly to home,
To home and county Galway;
And though, alas, I had to part
And bear the sting of sorrow's dart,
There's still a soft spot in my heart
For home and county Galway.

'Tis there the hills are towering high,
They seem to kiss the azure sky
And peep at heaven on the sly,
Those towering hills of Galway.
There is no fairer spot, I ween;
The sun's more bright, the grass more green;
There's poetry in every scene
Around the county Galway.

When Cromwell with his hireling horde
Swept all the land with fire and sword
'Twas there they spun a hempen cord
For him in county Galway.
But crafty Cromwell, sad to tell,
Into their hands he never fell;
He ran, for 'twas as hot as h—l
For him in county Galway.

Dismantled castles there are found,
Ancient ruins, holy ground,
Round towers and abbeys they abound
O'er all the county Galway.
The glories of another age,
They better tell than pen or page,
Of people staid and stern and sage
Who lived in county Galway.

Sing tally ho! sing tally ho!
Poor Reynard hears the shout of woe,
The Galway "Blazers," there they go!
Hurrah for county Galway!
The fox is started, watch and wait;
The huntsmen cross the country straight;
They jump both ditch and fence and gate,
Cry tally ho for Galway!

For rosy lips and laughing eyes
That beam as bright as summer skies,
In which some subtle charm lies,
Give me the girls of Galway,
They're mild and gentle as the dove,
Are full of virture, truth and love—
There's nothing under heaven above
Just like the girls of Galway.

The men are all from six feet four
To seven feet six and sometimes more;
'Tis very few can stand before
A fighting lad from Galway.
They'd jump a hurdle eight feet high,
Catch cannon balls upon the fly,
And for old Ireland dare to die,
Those rattling boys from Galway.

Then here's to Galway's maid's and bells,
To Galway's men and Galway's swells,
To Galway's lakes and Galway's fells—
Here's to the county Galway!
May angels weave their mystic spells,
O'er every home where virtue dwells,
O'er Galway's hills and Galway's dells—
There's no place else like Galway.

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ECLIPSES THEM ALL.

35 1-2 Hours From Chicago to Jacksonville, Fla.

The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p.m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p. m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p.m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

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THE Apaches are again on the warpath in Arizona. All our famous Indian generals are either retired or promoted so high that to conduct a campaign in Arizona would be infra dig.

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FOR the new Irish National Alliance Lapel Button, write to JOHN BEEGAN, 226 South Halsted street, Chicago.

VOICE FROM IRELAND.

A Limerick Parnellite Makes a Plea for His Party and its Principles on Broadly National Grounds.

He Finds Fault With "The Citizen" and the "Irish Republic" for Deprecating Demonstrations at Parnell's Grave.

[*To the Editor.*]

WEST LIMERICK, Nov. 19.—I am not in the habit of writing letters to the press here and have never ventured to obtrude my views on Irish-American readers; but as I regard the present as a critical period in the history of our country, and feel, somehow, as if I had got something to say on passing events, it has occurred to me to jot down a few things in a letter and post it off to you in the hope, if you consider there is anything "in it," that you will kindly give it insertion in THE CITIZEN. My principal object in writing, I may state at once, is to appeal for unity and plead for toleration and I claim a hearing and a fair consideration of my views on the ground that I am a Nationalist—though a humble one—and that the honor of my country and the well-being of my countrymen are very dear to me.

We live far apart—it is a long way from Shannon's banks to the waters of Lake Michigan—and our manners, habits, customs and ways of thinking are in many respects widely divergent. And hence it is, I fancy, that when we on the "old sod" and you in the "Greater Ireland" come to talk even on so homely a subject as the welfare of our common country, we are apt to differ now and then as to the best means of serving her, and to "fall out" in making selection of the weapons that had best been employed against the common foe. When, furthermore, the fact is considered that many of our people are conscientiously "constitutionalists," while others were taught the "physical force" idea even in their cradles and have naturally in their manhood come to idolize the sword, there is surely nothing wonderful in the differences referred to arising even among the truest and most devoted Irishmen.

A deplorable feature, however, in connection with this very natural state of things is that in the heat of the fight, when our hot Celtic blood is "up," we not only forget to concede to those who differ from us the right to hold their own opinions but, I am sorry to say, very often deliberately and unscrupulously misrepresent those opinions and, casting toleration to the four winds, pitch into those who are our own kith and kin in a manner characteristically Gaelic.

Let me cease generalizing, and give at once an instance of this by way of illustration. The Parnell anniversary and convention, held last month in Dublin, have been made the subject of a goodly share of criticism in, among others, your own paper and the *Irish Republic*. A contributor to the latter, evidently prejudiced, sees no reason in the world why we, Parnellites, should assemble in Dublin each recurring anniversary of the death of our leader and march in our strength to his grave in Glasnevin. He contemptuously describes the annual pilgrimage to the dead Tribune's last resting place as nothing more nor less than so much "weep and wail," and in a supremely toplofticai way dubs the thousands taking part in it a pack of "feather-brained Nationalists." Well, sir, criticism of that sort is, in my opinion, not only very reprehensible, it is positively unjust—entirely unmerited—and, I may be pardoned for adding, as illogical as it is uncalled-for. Language of the kind is beneath the notice of Parnell's followers—men who, for the past five years, have in all truth fought against great odds as stubborn and up-hill a battle as probably ever a people waged for civil and religious liberty.

Our object in celebrating the Parnell anniversary is a three-fold one: first, to pay respect to the revered memory of the dead; secondly, until better and mayhap sterner methods take their place, to pledge anew devotion to Parnell's principles and to the weapons that during a brilliant if stormy career he wielded courageously, persistently and successfully for the weal of our country; and lastly to give Englishmen to understand, in a general and particular way, that the more hateful to them an Irish Nationalist renders himself, and the more persecution he suffers at their hands, the dearer he becomes to his own countrymen and the more affectionately his memory is treasured in their hearts.

Surely, Mr Editor, there is no harm in all this. We do not at least, I should think, merit abuse or ridicule for our action in the matter. Why, if the views of the writer referred to were to prevail, there should—logically—be no more pilgrimages to the grave in Bodenstown, no more annual celebrations at Vinegar Hill and the "Three-bullet-gate," and if any of us had a longing to visit the resting-place of, say, poor P. W. Nally, the latest victim of col-blooded English villainy, we should, in order to avoid being dubbed "weepers and wailers" and "feather-brained Nationalists," have to scale the walls of Glasnevin in the night-time and furtively and shamefacedly, under cover of darkness, pay our poor tribute of respect to the martyr's memory.

Perhaps I have dwelt on this matter at unnecessary length. My object, however, I desire to assure you, is not so much to score a point in favor of Parnellism and the Parnell anniversary. It it simply and solely to show how undeserved and unreasonable oftentimes are the statements and charges we are prone to hurl at one another, in the hope that when we see the absurdity of such a course of action, we may learn to moderate the force of our criticism and, in a word, cultivate toleration.

If I had my way, anyhow, no bitter or unkind word would ever be uttered as between the Parnellites or Independent Nationalists of Ireland and their—at the present time—more extreme brothers in America. Believe me, sir, there is a warm corner in our hearts for every man of you, no matter where your camp may be pitched, who favors a nationality separate and distinct, and believes in the "arbitrament of the sword." There is a good deal, I would say, in common—much in the way of harmony of feeling—between the two parties. Permit me to explain why I think so. When the non-conformist conscience—like frills upon the fretful porcupine—stood on end and cried out against Parnell; when the "Great Mr. Gladstone," in the pride of place and power, called for the deposition of the Irish chief; when, in the words of poor Parnell himself, "English wolves howled for his destruction," what was it, prithee, got our Irish "monkey" up, "riz" our Irish "dander" and made us resolve to stand by Parnell to the death? Ah! sir, it was, in part, love for the man who had battled so bravely for us and for our country's cause; in part, gratitude towards the man who had stood by us in our hour of trial and begged for us when the wolf was at our door; but, above and beyond all other considerations, it was because we felt that the blow aimed at Parnell by England was a blow aimed at Ireland by the old vindictive foe and—well we couldn't exactly ee our way to stand that sort of thing, and so we backed up Charley. What, I ask, would you men, over the way, have done under the circumstances? You would surely not have joined the McCarthys, the Dillons, the O'Briens and the unspeakable Healys *et hoc genus omne* in hounding down the Irish leader at the bidding of Gladstone or have constituted yourselves a mere caudal appendage of the Liberal party. No. *You* would have acted just as the Parnellites did; and, as a matter of fact, when the crisis *did* arise and when subsequently the blight of Whiggery, like unto the shadow of Death, passed over our land, THE CITIZEN and its editor, ever true to Ireland and pulsating with the spirit of Irish-America, rendered yeoman service on the right side. And, hence I say, there is much in common—a sort of fellow-feeling that should make us wondrous kind—between the two parties. Our fight, I may add, these few years back has assuredly been a pretty tough one—this uphill battle of ours for chief and country (for country alone since the chief left us) against many priests and bishops of our church (who allied themselves with the enemy) and against cringing curs, cowardly ingrates and lickspittles, and the whole horde of Englishry at their back. And we fought our battle (no boasting in this) and are still at it, with unfaltering hearts, with set teeth and clenched fists and—I may as well "out with it"—with whatever sticks turned up "handy" here and there through the country! No, sir, we don't deserve and oughtn't to receive either abuse or ridicule.

Adverse criticism of the Parnellites and their policy comes, I would say, with bad grace indeed from supporters in the press of the Irish National Alliance. I attended the convention held in Dublin recently, and though, so far as I know, the papers overlooked the incident, I am in a position to state that when, in the course of Mr. John Redmond's speech, cheers were called for the New Movement, a cordial, generous and enthusiastic response was at once accorded by the vast assemblage. An incident of this kind though small in itself, is not without much significance. It shows, at all events, that the Independent party is not an intolerant party—neither bigoted nor narrow-minded. As a matter of fact the rank and file of that party and I think I may say its leaders, too, have hearts and hands for you and wish you well. We expect from an organization such as yours, if straightly worked and honestly and unselfishly directed, an immense amount of good to accrue to the Irish cause. We are hopeful that should we who, after all, are but comparatively few in numbers, ever happen to grow sick and weary in the fight—confronted as we are with the most barefaced and dsgusting evidences of national turpitude and degeneracy—your cheery shout across the Atlantic will not be wanting to infuse new courage into our hearts and nerve us to renewed exertions in the sacred fight. You will help us to keep the old idea bravely to the front—to keep "the lamp of the nation burning"—and, furthermore, the very fact of your *existence alone*, assuming you were never to pull a trigger for Ireland, will be powerful for good, in as much as it will constitute a standing menace to the venal creatures who would traffic in your birthright and ours and dispose of of our old land, as they did of a part of it lately, at so much for a parliamentary division.

A few words more and I conclude. As I am writing and the question bears on the subject matter of my letter, I avail of the opportunity to refer briefly to the regrettable war of words between Mr. Allen of Dublin on the one part and THE CITIZEN and *Irish Republic* on the other. Here is, undeniably, a positively glaring instance of want of toleration not as among those who *differ* as to means and methods for winning Irish liberty but actually among men who, in the face of the world, are *at one* in such matters. I do not propose to speak as to the merits or demerits of either side to the quarrel and for the very good reason that I am not in a position to do so. I am, however, strongly of opinion that nothing of the kind should ever have cropped up. I believe with the veteran and "unrepentant rebel," John O'Leary, that Mr. Allen's letter to the Dublin *Independent* had far better been unwritten. I consider, furthermore, it was an entirely uncalled-for, not to say audacious production, unsupported as I believe its statements were by anything like facts and culminating as it did in the outrageous charge of "murder," jauntily levelled at the heads of our exiled race. On the other hand, sir, from all I have heard of Mr. Allen I am just as strongly of opinion that he is wholly undeserving of the odious insinuations made in his regard and that, in fact, he is by no manner of means the unmitigated scoundrel he is painted. A fair show of bad temper, a considerable amount of jealousy which should never have arisen and a conspicuous absence of everything in the way of toleration are, to my thinking, at the bottom of the whole thing. It is nothing short of shameful and utterly discreditable, this poor "names" calling contest and pitiable wrangle of years. I humbly and with some confidence appeal to you on both sides, for Ireland's sake and your own self-respect, to stop it and shake hands like men. There are true and devoted men here as in America, and if you are all actuated by pure motives and mean to do good for Ireland, then "stand together, brothers all." But if, unfortunately, it *must* be otherwise, then in the name of all that's reasonable end all unseemly quarrels, strike for Ireland off your own particular bat and your common country will reap the rich reward of faithful services honestly rendered, whether in Dublin or New York, Cork or Chicago.

Let there be unity and singleness of purpose among the scattered millions of our race, and if, in this generation, the goal of our hopes be not reached, we shall at least be spared the sneers of our enemies and the contempt of the nations. Permit a kindly spirit of toleration to go abroad—toleration such as Davis, in his day, counselled and pleaded for with sleepless energy and untiring zeal. As with mercy, so with toleration:

> "It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven.
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

"We must tolerate one another," said Henrp Grattan, "or else tolerate the common enemy." Above all, until the last remnant of our rights is graciously conced or forcibly obtained, let that enemy feel the clutch of Irish hands about his throat and the strength of Irish blows—struck, it matters not, whether by the National Alliance man in the United States, the physical force in Ireland, or the Parnellite anywhere. I leave the McCarthyite out of calculation, for he is but as the "pruiseach buidhe" of the National garden—a growth of an unhealthy and malodorous kind that is bound to sicken in a while's time and die the death of ——!

Our country is at present in the slough of despond. She sleeps as in a trance. But the regime of the "pruiseach buidhe" it seems to me is drawing to a close. The hand-writing is already on the wall! Time alone will tell what the policy or party of the future here in Ireland may be—whether the Nation's flag will be entrusted to the hands of Mr. Redmond in yet another effort on Parnell's lines, or whether a policy—a sterner policy—such as yours will fight its way to the front. Whatever be the outcome of events, we may all at least join, in the meantime, in love for our poor country and, by doing our several parts according to our lights, help to loosen the chains that bind her and lighten the burden of serfdom

T. B. N.

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St. Jarlath's Court, C.O.F.

The sixth annual ball of St. Jarlath's Court No. 145, Catholic Order of Foresters, was held on Thanksgiving night, Nov. 28, in the West Chicago Club, 48 Throop street. The large hall was crowded by the members and their friends, who "tripped the light fantastic" from the grand entree at 9:30 o'clock till the "wee sma' hours." Mr. M. McNally and Miss K. Kavanagh led the march, followed by over three hundred couples. The music was by Forrest, leader of the Seventh Regiment band. The members of St. Jarlath's Court are noted for their sociability and happy manner of entertaining, and this time they outdid themselves, as might be seen in the cheerful faces and delighted expressions of all present.

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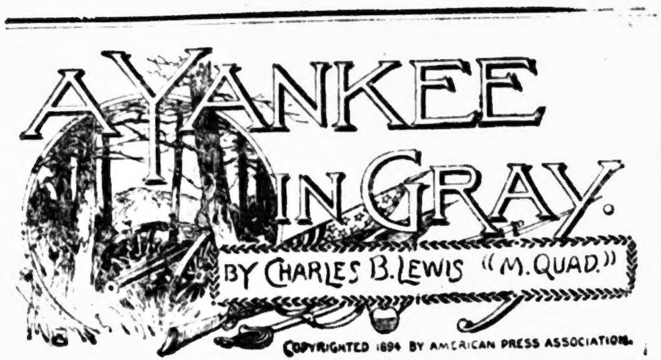
THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Raolroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.



A YANKEE IN GRAY.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS ("M. QUAD.")

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CHAPTER XI.

As before stated, Ike Baxter belonged to the class known at that time and still referred to as "poor whites." Through the efforts of his wife he had managed to hold onto a small farm just outside of Winchester, left him by his father, but it is doubtful if her arguments would have carried the day had any one made a cash offer for the few acres. While Ike always referred to himself as broken down by hard work, about five days out of every week had been spent tramping around the country with his gun or discussing "Yankees" and "niggers" in the village barrooms with others of his ilk. According to his own line of argument, he was a martyr. Ill luck had always followed him, even to the birth and death of triplets.

Mrs. Baxter also had a constitutional and ready made grievance. If she had been allowed to have her way about things, she always argued, they would long ago have been rich and owned niggers, "Yes, sah, real niggers and mo' or fewer $75 mewls."

Ike Baxter had also been granted a furlough, and according to the stories he told after reaching home the battle of Bull Run would not have been a victory without him. When anything was said about Kenton, he was prompt in replying:

"Durn the Yankee! But we uns has got our eyes open now, and he un can't play us no mo' tricks!"

He was so outspoken in his language, and his language was so bitter that Lawyer Williams and others were given an inkling of the true state of affairs. The lawyer found opportunity to inquire of Ike:

"Didn't my nephew enlist of his own accord, and is there a man in the company who has exhibited more bravery and won more of a reputation?"

"What did he un rush in and rally at Bull Run fur befo' Duke Wyle could git thar?" demanded Ike in reply. "He un just wanted to show off and make believe. And isn't he un givin us away to the Yanks all the time? And isn't he un talkin 'bout Gineral Jackson and holdin his head above us? And if he un gits the chance won't he un give up our hull army to Gineral McClellan? Oh, we uns has our eyes open fur him!"

Mrs. Baxter had got the idea from Ike's letters home that he had not only won a crown of fame under fire, but was holding the whole Federal army in check. She could read and write, but very poorly. She had picked up most of her information and all her military terms from others scarcely less ignorant. When Ike appeared in sight down the road, she ran to meet him and welcomed him with:

"Hurrah fur Gineral Ike Baxter, who fit and fit till the Yankees dun run away!"

"Don't yo' un know nothin?" angrily demanded Ike as he came nearer.

"Didn't yo' un fit and fit?"

"Of co'se I fit, but yo' needn't gab it all over Virginny and make other folks jealous!"

"Whar's yo'r stripes?" she asked.

"What stripes?"

"On yo'r arms—yo'r gineral stripes?"

"I hain't no gineral!"

"Yo' hain't? Why, I thought yo' was boss of the hull army! What's the matter yo' hain't no gineral?"

"What's the matter yo' hain't got no sense in yo'r head?"

"But yo' un's a corporal!"

"No."

"A major?"

"No."

"A leftenant?"

"No."

"Hain't yo' un nothin but jest common folks?" she persisted.

"No."

"Didn't I allus say yo' un had no speerit about yo', and that's why we was allus pore and low down?" she bitterly exclaimed as they passed into the house. "Ike Baxter, yo' hain't shucks! You un's low down, and yo' like to stay right thar! Everybody else is comin home with gineral's and corporal's and major's stripes on thar sleeves, but yo' has dun let 'em walk yo' inter the mud and hain't got no speerit to resent it! If I'd gone down thar, I'd 'a' come back as big as anybody! I've dun told everybody yo' un was a gineral, and now—now yo's only jest common!"

Mrs. Baxter sat down and wept and used her apron for a handkerchief. Ike had expected just such a reception, and he had a plan to develop at the proper time. While she continued to weep he helped himself to a bite to eat from the cupboard and maintained silence.

"And why didn't they make a gineral of yo'?" asked Mrs. Baxter after about 10 minutes.

"If yo' un dun had any sense in yo' head, I could tell yo'," he sullenly replied.

"Sense! Sense! If I hain't got sense, who has? If it hadn't bin fur my sense, we uns would hav bin right down to tater skins y'ars ago! It's my sense that has kept us outer the porehouse and let us hold our heads up with the best of 'em! Leastwise I've allus held my head up, even if yo' hain't!"

"It's this way," said Ike as he continued to eat and reflect. "It's corporal, sergeant, orderly sergeant, leftenant, captain, major, kurnel and gineral. Takes a heap o' time to git up thar! Everybody has got to begin way down."

"But yo's not even a corp—corporal yit!" she exclaimed as one eye filled with tears of disappointment.

"And what's the reason i hain't? Do yo' un remember that Yankee lawyer who lived yere—feller named Kenton?"

"Seems like I did."

"He un's to blame. Tried to git us all captur'd at Bull Run. Tried to put all the officers down. Got in with Gineral Jackson and talked agin us, particklarly me. Reckon he un said a heap 'bout yo', too, while he un was at it. If it hadn't bin fur he un, I'd hev had stripes on my arms—heaps o' stripes—and yo'd bin proud o' me. It's jest he un that keeps me down. We all hate he un, but him's got Gineral Jackson on his side."

"The pesky varmint!" she gasped, with uplifted hands. "He un's all to blame then?"

"All to blame."

"Talked about me to Gineral Jackson! What could he un say?"

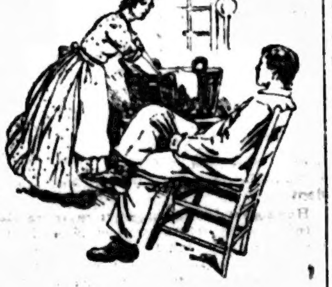
"Dunno, but I reckon he un went on 'bout yo'r gwine b'arfut to church and dippin snuff and gaddin 'bout and complainin. He un rubbed it in on both o' us powerful hard, most likely. Befo' that Gineral Jackson was as good as pie to me, but afterward he un wouldn't dun notice me 'tall!"

"Then—then it's the Yankee who dun keeps yo' all back?" she asked after taking a couple of minutes for reflection.

"Jest he un alone," answered Ike as he finished his snack.

"And yo' all hain't got spunk nuff to drive he un out! Ike Baxter, yo' un allus did dun let folks walk yo' inter the mud, but I didn't reckon it was as bad as this! Fur shame on yo'!"

"How's we all to drive he un when Gineral Jackson is in the way?" asked Ike. "If I never git to be a gineral, it's he un's fault. If I git killed or captur'd, it's the same. Duke Wyle would make me sergeant tomorrer but fur that dod blasted Yank!"



"Shoo, how you talk!"

"Then if yo' doan' pay him out I will!" exclaimed Mrs. Baxter as she rose up with a look of determination on her face.

That's what Ike was waiting to hear. He was now ready to develop the little plan sketched out in Captain Wyle's tent before leaving camp.

"I reckon yo' kin do it better'n we all if yo' want to try," he finally said. "Yo' know them stuck up Percys in town, of co'se?"

"Of co'se."

"He un's in luv with the gal."

"I heard that yisterday."

"If we all could brek it up, it would flatten he un out. Jest think of a southern gal luvin a reg'lar Yankee spy, and probably goin to marry him, when she could hev Duke Wyle!"

"Shoo, how you talk!"

"And if we all could flatten him out I'd soon be a gineral and prance around on a hoss," continued Ike. "Drat him, but he talked about yo' to Gineral Jackson, and that's what hurts me mo' than t'other!"

"How kin I flatten him out?" she asked, ready to begin work at once.

Ike slowly lighted his pipe and sat down on the doorstep and made room for her beside him. He kept her waiting for another minute and then unfolded his plan. She listened patiently until he was through and then pointed out the obstacles here and there. He reviewed the case and explained how everything was to be overcome. Although an ignorant woman, she had a good deal of natural shrewdness in her composition, and after the plan had been gone over in detail for the third or fourth time she said:

"I'll try it anyhow. I hev allus dun hated Yanks like pizen, and that Percy gal is jest too stuck up fur anything! Might do her a heap o' good to come down a few pegs!" If I flatten he un out, that will make yo' a gineral?"

"I reckon."

"And yo'll ride around on a critter and w'ar a cocked hat?"

"Yes."

"And buy me two new kaliker dresses, a bonnet, a pa'r of shoes, a—a"——

"Yo'll jest be richness and wealth and look like a queen!" said Ike as she hesitated.

"Then I'll do it if I hev to walk through fire, and p'raps I'll ride around on a critter too!"

CHAPTER XII.

Panic does not always follow defeat. Indeed it seldom does. A battle is a checkerboard wherein all the spots are marked with blood. The checkers are men—men lying in reserve, men on the battle lines, men charging on flanks or center.

The generals in command watch the board. If one makes a move on the right or left, the other seeks to take advantage of it. For the time being they shut their ears to the roar of battle, shut their eyes to the sight of dead and wounded. Beauregard halted at the threshold of victory at Shiloh. So with McClellan at Antietam. At Fredericksburg Lee permitted Burnside to retreat after defeat. At Gettysburg Meade did the same with Lee. Jackson had thrown himself against Shields at Kernstown on the right, on the left, on the center. He could not break the line anywhere. He left his dead along a front of a mile and a half, but the sacrifice was in vain. It was military tactics to retreat—to fall back to a strong position and oblige Shields to attack him or give over his march up the valley. There is sometimes more generalship in a retreat than in an advance or in fighting a battle. The trains must be saved, the broken and disorganized commands picked up and re-formed, the best troops sent to the rear to stand as a bulwark between the exhausted army and the enthusiastic enemy.

Jackson left nothing behind him—artillery, wagons or muskets—worth gathering up and reporting. Most of his wounded were carried up the valley as he fell back. Shields followed slowly, and the rear guard had no fighting to do. The panic of an army, of an army corps even, is a terrible sight, but the panic of a town is something which no one can fitly describe. The news of Jackson's defeat preceded him, and when he reached Winchester it was to find a town wild with fear and crazed by terror. War was young then. In after years the old town changed hands without a tremor, gathered up the dead off its streets and buried them as part of the regular programme.

"The Yankees are coming! The town will be given up to sack! Winchester is to be burned, and women and children must flee!"

So rose the cry from house to house. Some locked their doors and rode away on horseback or in their carriages. Others left their doors wide open and took the turnpike to the south on foot, carrying whatever they had at first laid hands on as a burden. Furniture was brought out and piled in the streets and set fire to, and had not Jackson's advance arrived as it did the people of the town would have applied the torch to their own rooftrees. The Yankee soldier was popularly supposed to be without honor or pity—a ruffian who stopped at no crime. Jackson paused to refresh his men and allay the excitement. Those who had not fled decided to remain, though fearful of consequences, but the general excitement scarcely abated.

The Percys were among the first to hear of Jackson's defeat and the news that the Federal army was following him up and would soon be in Winchester. They were excited, but not terrified.

"We will remain right here, and we shall not be disturbed," said Marian to her mother. "The Federals have not burned towns elsewhere nor made war on women and children, and they will not do so here. We have no cause to be afraid."

Neither had they, but circumstances which could not be foreseen soon caused a change in the programme. Among Jackson's troops was the remnant of the Shenandoah guards. All the house servants about the Percy mansion were colored people and slaves. Like others of their color, the general excitement had made them half crazy. They had left the house for the street to see and hear and were ready to catch up and believe the most absurd tales. There were two men and four women. Buck, who was a young man of 25, joined a party of the fleeing inhabitants hurrying up the valley. Uncle Ben, as he was called, was a man of 50, born and reared in the Percy family, and though sharing to some extent in the general excitement he would not leave his post of duty. He had said to the female servants:

"I nebber dun did see no Yankees in all my life, but I hain't gwine to be afraid an run away. I didn't bring on dis wah. I hain't killed nobody. What dem Yankees want to hurt me fur? Miss Marian hain't skeered. Her mudder hain't skeered. If dey hain't skeered, what yo' all want to be skeered fur?"

The four women were on a street corner in a group when Captain Wyle passed by and recognized them as belonging to the Percy family. He had heard from the gossips of the town long ago that Kenton was to carry off the prize. He had written to Marian with considerable fervor and without mentioning the news, and she had replied in a very brief and formal manner. To revenge himself on a woman was quite foreign to his nature, but as he saw the four servants and noted their state of alarm he remembered that he and Ike Baxter had a plan to carry out. Ten minutes later one of his company was saying to the colored women:

"The Yankees are only a couple of miles away! If you all don't hurry, you will be taken prisoners, and that means that every one of you will be burned at the stake! They shoot down white folks and burn niggers!"

That was sufficient to start them off to join the fleeing throng. Not one of them returned to the house. Jackson sent out couriers to advise the panic stricken people to return, but hundreds had gone too far to be overtaken. Among them were the four women. Shields entered Winchester without opposition. Within an hour the excitement had subsided. The Yankee soldiers had neither horns nor hoofs. No one was molested nor made afraid. Where timid women requested it guards were placed at their doors, and instead of the merchants being robbed and ruined, as most of them had fully expected, their properties were safely cared for.

"Didn't I dun told you all so!" exclaimed Uncle Ben on the street that evening as he was out looking for the missing servants. "Yankees am jist de same folks as anybody. I'ze bin lookin at heaps of 'em, an I can't see no difference. All dem folks who got skeered an run'd away was fools! Yankees hain't gwine ter hurt nobody onless yo' unbehave yo'self fust!"

Captain Wyle knew where to find Ike Baxter's wife. She had moved into town two weeks before, leaving the farm to take care of itself. That was one of the points in the plan presented by Ike and accepted by her. She knew that Jackson had been beaten and was on the retreat, but she did not know of the fate of Ike and many of his comrades. Some of those who escaped both death and capture had seen Ike go down, and it was certain he had fallen into Federal hands. Mrs. Baxter fell to sobbing as she heard the news from the captain, but her sorrow did not last long.

"Drat that Ike fur a fool!" she suddenly exclaimed as grief gave place to indignation. "Didn't he un promise me last thing befo' him went back that if him ever got into another fout he un would scrouch down so the bullets would fly over him! It's all in him—allus wantin and hevin his own way spite of all I kin do!"

"Ike and the others would have been all right if they had not been betrayed," observed the captain.

"Shoo, that's what Ike was afraid of! Was it that Yankee agin—that Lawyer Kenton?"

The captain nodded his head.

"Ike hates him. So do I. If he un hadn't stood in Ike's way, Ike would hev bin a gineral befo' this. The onery skunk, to betray his own comrades! If I could git hands on he un, I'd kill him! I'll never rest till I hev his life, even if Ike lets up!"

"Have you seen the—the Percys lately?" asked the captain as Mrs. Baxter got ready for another wave of sorrow.

"Did Ike tell yo'?" she whispered.

"Partly."

"I've bin tryin to do as we planned, but couldn't fetch it. Ike thought as I might get a place in the house, but they uns hev got too many niggers fuh that."

"All their women have cut and run—not one left. If you should happen to offer your services there now, I think they'd be accepted."

"Shoo, nigger women all gone?"

"I know it for a fact."

"I'll go over thar this very hour!" said Mrs. Baxter as she reached for her sunbonnet. "Capting, was Ike right when he said this yere Yankee stood in his way?"

"Yes, he was."

"Was he right when he said if we uns could get the Percy gal to hate him he would bother nobody no mo'?"

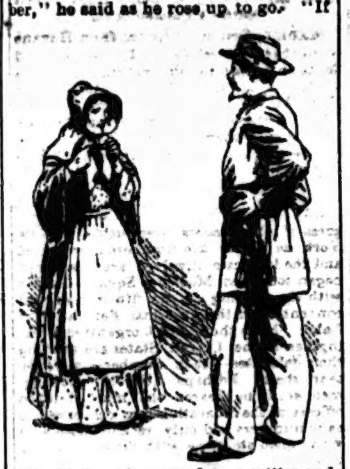
"Yes."

"If the Yankee was shot or killed or sunthin, would Ike ride around on a critter and dangle a sword?"

"It's quite likely. What plan have you got?"

"Jest leave that to me! Mebbe I haven't got any, and mebbe I've got a heap of 'em!"

"Here is what you are to remember," he said as he rose up to go. "If it hadn't been for Kenton, not a man in our company would have been killed or captured."



"Would Ike ride around on a critter and dangle a sword?"

"And what becum of he un?"

"Oh, he was captured, too, but of course that was all a trick. However, I don't want you to say anything as coming from me. You needn't even say you have seen me."

"I understand. Ike said yo' was after the gal too. I hope yo'll git her. Do yo' reckon Ike was killed?"

"I'm quite sure he wasn't."

"Then I'll see him agin?"

"Yes, after a bit."

"Pore, pore Ike!" wailed the wife as her apron went up to her eyes. "He had his streaks—he was shiftless—but he never complained. He was onery about some things, but good as pie about others. He wasn't wuth shucks at farmwork, but as fur knowin all about mewls, why"——

She looked up, but the captain had disappeared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Bulow Conducted an Orchestra.

It is said that no one who ever saw Bulow at the conductor's desk, controlling an orchestra as if it were a single instrument on which he himself was playing, could ever forget the influence of his wonderful personality. A Beethoven symphony conducted by Bulow was a revelation. His manner of conducting was inimitable. With him everything was impulse, every movement a personality—the expression of a delicate sensibility, and it was this that made the communication of his purposes to the orchestra so effective.

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HE INVOKES A CURSE.

HORRIBLE IMPRECATIONS OF HAYWARD, THE MURDERER.

Adry Refuses Some Request and the Convicted Man Goes Into a Fury and Utters Indications of Total Moral Depravity—Governor Gives Him Short Shrift.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 9.—"May the curse of God fall on you and yours, and allow me, from the minute I drop from the scaffold, to haunt you day and night until your death. Then I will welcome you on the brink of hell with a red-hot iron."

These were the farewell words of Harry Hayward to his brother Adry yesterday afternoon. He hurled them at the latter as he descended the stairs leading to the tier in which the prisoner is confined and passed through the iron doorway to the outer office. It was their last meeting on earth, and such the murderer intended it to be. Adry was as calm as the prisoner was impassioned. He was unmoved by the anathemas, except toward pity. His was the brotherly affection, and the curse interrupted the fervent "God bless you, Harry. Good-bye, Harry," with which Adry left his brother.

Writes a Lie at the Grave's Edge.

The meeting between the brothers was arranged by their parents, who beseeched the condemned man to see Adry once more before he died. He remained obstinate to their entreaties for a long time, but finally yielded, and sent by messengers a note reading:

"DEAR ADRY: I want you to come at once to the jail, as I wish particularly to see you. I have no other object than the desire to ask your forgiveness for any wrong, either real or imaginary, which I may have done you. I want once more to see you on this earth. This is the wish and dying request of your brother."

When Adry reached the jail he awaited the conclusion of the visit of Dr. Hayward, who was then with the condemned man.

Friendly Beginning of the Interview.

Dr. Hayward did not wish to be present at the interview between Adry and Harry, and he left on that account sooner than he otherwise would have done. On his way out he met Adry in the doorway of the office and the two stopped for a brief time and shook hands. The physician passed out of doors, while Adry ascended the stairs to the corridor where Harry stood calmly awaiting him. They addressed each other in a friendly manner, after which Harry requested the deputies to withdraw a distance to allow him to speak to his brother confidentially. The officials did as requested, and from a distance keenly eyed the two men. The latter at once engaged in an interested conversation.

Horrible Rage of the Murderer.

What passed was not heard by any person until Harry raised his voice to say: "Now, I have done my part. I have forgiven you for all you have done. Now you do as I ask."

"But, Harry, how can I?" returned Adry, appealingly.

The answer was too much for the prisoner. He sprang to his feet and poured forth a tirade of abuse never before heard in the old jail.

"You low-down, mean, contemptible, miserable, damnable wretch. You refuse to do that, after what I have done. You Godforsaken tool. You have played a good part, but now I can tell you what I think of you. My letter to you was after all only a decoy for that purpose. You d——d villain. If I could only get at you I would dig out your brains with a knife. I would tear out your heart with my hands. I would crush the two together, cut them into pieces, squeeze out the juice, make it into a pie and thrust it down your throat."

Calls Down the Curse of God.

He clenched his hands in his rage and stamped his foot fiercely. His face was ashen and livid by turns. Adry sat quiet for a few minutes, but seeing the uselessness of waiting longer arose and started to go. "God bless you. Good-bye Harry," he called sadly, as he was about to go down the stairs.

"Oh you villain," was the return greeting. "May the curse of God fall on you and yours, and allow me to haunt you until you rdying day. Aha! I will meet you on the brink of hell with a red-hot poker."

MURDERER HEARS OF HIS DOOM,

And Meets the News as Might Be Expected of Such a Man.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 9.—Harry Hayward heard the news of his doom from Sheriff Holmberg's lips. The prisoner evinced no signs of breaking down, but on the other hand repeated the awful execrations against his brother Adry, which of late have been the only indication that he appreciated the seriousness of his position. "Well, Harry," said the sheriff, "I've come to tell you that the governor has signed your death warrant and fixed it for next Wednesday."

"That's a d——d long time to wait for a railroad train," was the prisoner's ejaculation.

"If you're in the depot it is a long time," said the sheriff; "but you're on the track for eternity. You have many things to consider before Wednesday; you have little time left to stay here."

"I know that I have little time," said Harry. "There are a few thing I'd like to straighten out, and a few folks I would like to get even with. If I had my brother Adry here—[and with that Harry stood up and clenched his fists and shook them from side to side]—if I had my brother Adry here I would take his entrails out and stretch them like a clothesline back and forth through this cell. I'm not quite so mad at Blixt as folks think, but if my father, and brother [Dr. Hayward] were dead I would be the happiest man in the world."

Hayward later dictated a statement to Jailer West, the burden of which is a longing for terrible revenge on his brother Adry and his story of the recent attempt to escape, which is that a local attorney played him false. Dr. Hayward says the execution will be that of an insane man. He declares that Harry Hayward is a lunatic.

Fire in a Bonded Warehouse.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Fire in the United States bonded warehouse at South Water and Jefferson streets caused damage to the buildings and contents which is estimated at $350,000. East Indian goods to the value of $1,000,000 are stored in the building, the broad space of all the six floors being packed to their capacity. Only the three upper floors were burned, the others suffering only water damage, and all is covered by insurance.

NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

Synopsis of Proceedings in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The president's message was read in both houses, after which there were in the senate 288 bills and resolutions introduced. The more important of these were the Monroe doctrine and Cuban resolves, the former of which by Lodge and Cullom were practically a challenge to Great Britain to settle her dispute with Venezuela without the consent of the United States. One Cuban resolution called for recognition of independence. The nomination of Olney secretary of state, and Harmon, attorney general, were confirmed and the nomination of Rufus W. Peckham to the supreme court was referred.

The session in the house was very brief and was consumed entirely by the reading the president's message. Then there were a number of bills and resolutions introduced, one being a call on Great Britain to explain why she has not replied to the congressional advice given her last year. House adjourned to Friday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—The senate was the only part of congress in session. Hoar introduced a resolution assuring the executive of the full indorsement by congress of any course necessary to protect American citizens and property in Turkey. Allen made a long speech in favor of Cuban recognition, annexation and the Monroe doctrine. Bills were introduced: To shut out all immigrants between 14 and 60 years of age who cannot read and write English: to remove the limitations on laborers' suits against the United States for work; increasing all pensions under the act of 1890 to $12 per month.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—The session of the senate was brief again. Chandler introduced a bill for the free coinage of silver when England, France and Germany should enact similar legislation. It provides for a ratio of 1 to 15½. Gallinger offered a resolution declaring it to be the sense of the senate that it was unwise and inexpedient to retire the greenbacks. Call spoke in favor of the recognition of the Cuban revolutionists as belligerents. Call introduced a bill to compel railways to pay employes their full salaries during disablement and to pay the same when killed to their widows during the latter's lives. Mills introduced a bill to print greenback to pay current expenses when the revenues are insufficient and to redeem the same in silver or gold at the government option; also forbidding the issue of bonds.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—Outside of Morgan's speech on the seal question in reply to Sir Julian Pauncefote's criticism of Morgan the only business done in the senate was the introduction of bills, among them: To give a pension of $50 per month for the loss of a limb; making a crime the acceptance of a title of nobility by an American citizen or any title or honorable degree from a foreign nation; pensioning soldiers who were confined in Confederate prisons.

In the house resolutions were presented by the Republicans calling for the correspondence in the Waller case, for lists of pensioners who have been stricken from the rolls since March 4, 1893, or reduced, and for other papers, but all were objected to by the Democrats. An effort to have printed in the record the memorial of the National Wool Growers' association for higher rates met the same fate. A bill was introduced prohibiting congressmen from soliciting presidential or departmental offices.

TUG SINKS IN LAKE SUPERIOR.

Seven Men Drowned by the Loss of the Pearl B. Campbell.

DULUTH, Dec. 10.—By the sinking of the tug Pearl B. Campbell off Huron Isle in Lake Superior Saturday last, seven men, all of whom but one lived in this city, were drowned. The names of the dead are: Captain William McGilvey, master; George McCort, chief engineer, (Cheboygan); Captain John Lloyd, mate; Fred England, second engineer; Peter McCallin, cook; two firemen, names unknown. All the men were unmarried.

The news of the disaster came in a telegram from the captain of the tug Castle at L'Anse, Mich., saying that the Campbell had been lost with all hands. On Saturday a terrible gale was blowing over the lake in the vicinity of Huron Isle, and it is probable that the Campbell, which was one of the staunchest tugs on the lakes, was caught in the hurricane. Huron Isle is about forty miles from Marquette.

TWO COSTLY FIRES AT CHICAGO.

Wolf & Co. Lose $200,000 and Another Blaze Destroys $75,000.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—The five-story brick, 250 to 252 Madison street, occupied by H. Wolf & Co., dealers in general merchandise, burned. Loss, $200,000; insurance, $180,000 The adjoining building, occupied by the Steuben Wine company, Sibley & Co., cigars, and A. W. Hayward & Co., wholesale shoe dealers, was damaged heavily by smoke and water. Fireman Dore was severely burned.

A fire at 178 to 180 Wabash avenue, occupied by Meyer & Webber and Joseph Bowan, piano and organ manufacturers, did damage to the extent of $75,000. Frank Bowman, Roman Watson and Michael Ashenberger were taken from the burning building unconscious from smoke.

Venezuela Will Not Pay It.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—A special to The World from Caracas, Venezuela, says: The English note is said to have been received here. The British government demands $60,000 for the arrest by Venezuelans of "Englishmen in English territory"—territory east of the Schomberg line. Venezuela will not pay it.

Mortgage for Railway Improvement.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 10.—The Indiana, Decatur and Western Railroad company has filed a mortgage in the Marion county recorder's office for $1,824,000 to the Central Trust company, of New York, and Augustus L. Mason, of Indiana, as trustee This is in order that the road may be improved and new tracks be built.

Iowa Pioneer Goes to Rest.

OMAHA, Dec. 10.—General Daniel F. Miller, of Keokuk, Ia., died here. The deceased was 80 years old and for a quarter of a century had been prominent in Iowa politics. In 1840 he was in the legislature and then in congress, where he was a confidential friend of Clay, Houston, Giddings and Chase.

Peckham Confirmed as Justice.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.—The senate in executive session confirmed the following nominations: Elmer B. Adams, of Missouri, to be district judge for the western district of Missuri; Rufus H. Peckham, of New York, to be associate justice of the United States supreme court.

BIG CHICAGO FIRM ASSIGNS.

Andrews & Co., School and Office Furniture, Forced to the Wall.

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—A. H. Andrews & Co., manufacturers of school furniture, desks, etc., with salesrooms at 215 Wabash avenue and a factory at the corner of Twenty-second and Fisk streets, has been forced to the wall by the Globe National bank, which held a judgment for $25,774, and has made an assignment to Fred A. Holbrook, general manager of the Andrews company. Assignee Holbrook admitted that the assets were in the neighborhood of $750,000. He would not estimate the liabilities. Attorney James L. High, attorney for the bank, claims that the assets are about $700,000 and the liabilities scarcely half that amount, or about $300,000.

"I do not expect that the business will go to pieces," said Assignee Holbrook. "I hope to be able to settle affairs satisfactorily to all, and continue the firm of A. H. Andrews & Co., as before." The house was one of the oldest and best known in the United States. The value of the movable assets of the concern are claimed to be $400,000. The company employs about 400 persons in the manufacture of its goods. Hard times are said to be the real cause of the assignment. In various forms the company has been in existence for thirty years.

AUCTION SALE RECORD BEATEN

Railway Property Worth $350,000,000 Under the Hammer.

TOPEKA, Kas., Dec. 10.—At 10 o'clock this morning at Topeka began the greatest auction the world has ever known. At that hour J. R. Johnson, special master in chancery, offered to the highest bidder for cash in hand the entire system of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway. Nothing is reserved of its 10,000 miles of track, its 2,000 locomotives, its thousands upon thousands of cars, its buildings, rights and franchises, which, considered together, reach the value $350,000,000.

Special Master Johnson acts as auctioneer, and as a preliminary to receiving bids read the order of sale, judgment of the court and other legal documents, which consumed something more than an hour. There is one feature of this auction which will materially differ from the ordinary. No one will be allowed to bid unless he has first deposited $500,000 in cash with the special master as an evidence of good faith.

THREE MEN KILLED, TWO INJURED.

All the Dead Crushed and Scalded and Death Instantaneous.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Three men were killed and two more injured in a railroad wreck on the New York and New Haven railway in Harlem. The killed are: Thomas Fitzgerald, engineer; Frederick Maples and Thomas C. McNally, both brakemen. The injured are: Thomas Bannon, conductor, and Thomas McKeon, fireman, cut and scalded. All of the killed and injured were residents of this city. All of the bodies were crushed and scalded, death evidently having been instantaneous. Fitzgerald's head protruded through the window of the engine cab and he was sitting on his seat at his duty when the accident happened.

CUBANS SPRING A SURPRISE.

Enter the Province of Santa Clara—Great Battle Expected Soon.

MADRID, Dec. 9.—Advices from Havana state that the rebels under Gomez and Maceo have entered the province of Santa Clara and surprised the Spanish column there, killing nine of the troops. The remainder retreated. Other insurgents have arrived at Matanzas. The Spaniards are advancing to meet them, when a battle is expected.

American Federation of Labor.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—The largest congress of labor leaders ever held in New York as far as the numbers represented and the interests involved are concerned began today at Madison Square Garden with the opening of the fifteenth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor. More than 500,000 organized workingmen in the United States are sending their delegates—115 in number—to represent them. Perhaps 1,000,000 workingmen would be nearer the mark, but the officers of the federation are conservative as to numbers and only reckon those who are in good standing with the subordinate unions.

Looks Like Business in the Orient.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—The Times prints a dispatch from Constantinople which says that the embassies have received instructions from their respective governments that the guardships question must be pushed home and that it is impossible for the powers to retire from the positions which they have assumed. The Daily News has a dispatch from Constantinople to the effect that the embassies have unofficialy informed the sultan that if the firmans for the extra guardships are refused the Dardanelles will be forced by the powers.

Death of George Augustus Sala.

LONDON, Dec. 9.—George Augustus Sala, journalist, author and poet, died yesterday. For a number of months past his remarkable powers have been waning, due to a general breaking up of his physical system. He had already attained the age of 67. He was the foremost journalist whom London has given to the world.

Assignment at St. Louis.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 10.—Benjamin S. Levy, clothing, hats, caps and furnishing goods, 720 and 722 Olive street, has assigned for the benefit of creditors. The liabilities, almost wholly in Chicago and New York, are about $60,000 and the assets $45,000.

Cowboys Killed by Indians.

PHŒNIX, A. T., Dec. 9.—News is received here from St. Thomas that three cowboys have been killed by Indians at Hampton's ranch.

THE DEATH RECORD.

JEFFERSON D. DAY, prominent Michigan mine owner, at Lake Linden, Mich.

General ED WRIGHT, at Des Moines, Ia.

JOHN ROBERTSON, prominent and wealthy Republican, at Jacksonville, Ills.

Rev. WILLIAM J. STEVENSON, at Philadelphia.

Dr. A. J. HOBART, prominent Mason and G. A. R man, at Clinton, Ia.

W. M. BENNETT, pioneer dry goods merchant of Jackson, Mich.

DEAN CRUM, one of the oldest residents of Wabash, Ind.

Professor WILLIAM M. WILLETT, aged theologian, at Jersey City, N. J.

H. K. PALMER, brother of the Illinois senator, at Denver.

H. THANE MILLER, president of Mount Auburn institute, at Cincinnati.

STATE NEWS NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings of the Past Few Days Gathered Here and There Throughout the State—Telegraphic Reports of Events That Will Interest Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 10.—Attorney General Moloney has decided that the portion of the general incorporation act which exacts from all companies organized and doing business under the laws of this state prior to July 1, 1895, and desiring to increase their capital stock a fee of $1 for each $1,000 of increase is unconstitutional for the reason that it is special legislation, because it does not exact the fee from corporations or companies organized after that date. The attorney general further holds that the law is applicable to insurance corporations, but not to banking corporations.

Illinois Millers Complain of the Railways.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 5.—The Illinois State Millers' association held its annual convention here. An address was prepared to be presented to the state board of railroad and warehouse commissioners complaining of the gross discrimination made by railroads in milling and transit rates against the Illinois Millers' association and in favor of the Northwestern Millers' association in the distribution of flour over the state. The old officers were re-elected as follows: President, E. C. Kreider, Jacksonville; vice president, D. R. Sparks, Alton: secretary-treasurer, C. H. Seybt, Highland.

Gov. Altgeld Put in Objections.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 9—The board of trustees of the new Eastern Illinois Normal school to be located at Charleston, met here and awarded the contract for the erection of the building to Alexander Briggs, of Charleston, whose bid of $81,600 was the lowest by $7,000 of eight bidders Then Governor Altgeld arrived and insisted that the contract be repudiated and awarded to Angus & Gimble, of Chicago. Briggs threatens to sue. The governor did not approve of the stone specifications in the Briggs bid.

Illinois Insane Asylum Located.

SPRINGFIELD, Dec. 10.—The board of trustees of the western Illinois hospital for the insane met here and decided to locate the new institution on the Watertown site near Rock Island. The site selected contains 400 acres of beautiful land, 150 of which is on a high bluff overlooking Moline, Rock Island and Davenport, Ia. The board will meet here the last of this month and advertise for bids for the erection of the building, which is to cost $100,000.

Committed Suicide in His Cell.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 10.—John Ford, a miner of Athens, was arrested here for disorderly conduct and placed in the city prison. He made a disturbance and was locked up in a cell, where a half hour later he was found dead. Ford had tied a silk muffler around his neck and, fastening it to the cell door, knelt down and threw his weight against it. In this manner he had strangled himself to death.

Insane from Religion.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Dec. 6.—Dr. Pindell, a young physician at Cooksville, fifteen miles east of this city, was brought to this city insane. Of late he has been giving constant study to religion and imagined he was the Messiah and that a friend of his was John the Baptist. He announced that Chicago was the new Jerusalem and he was at once taken in custody on the charge of insanity. He came to Cooksville from Missouri in May last.

Commission Sues a Defiant Railway.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 5.—The Illinois railroad and warehouse commission has commenced suit in the circuit court here against the Chicago and Alton Railway company in an action for $5,000 damages under the statute for violation of the switching rates of the commission. The case grows out of the decision of the commission in the matter of James Brown, of Dwight, against the Alton for extortionate switch charges.

Pardoned by Gov. Altgeld.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 7.—Governor Altgeld has pardoned Donald H. Chapman and Simeon McNulty, Chicago, convicted of election frauds. The governor in his opinion strongly censures the alleged practice of Cook county commissioners in selecting partisan jurors.

Postmistress Short $1,587.

KEMPTON, Ills., Dec. 6.—The postoffice inspectors, who for some time have been checking up the accounts of Miss Carey, postmistress at Kempton, have completed their work and show that she is indebted to the government $1,587. The bondsmen will settle the shortage.

Caught Making "Queer" Coin.

MATTOON, Ills., Dec. 7.—United States marshals raided the home of Smith Ash, and captured Ash, A. V. McMillan, Dick Ash and W. O. Glover with molds in their possession and engaged in making spurious silver dollars.

State Notes.

Ex-Representative Jehu Baker, who has been dangerously ill at Mascoutah, Ills., is pronounced out of danger.

A. R. Camren, a grocer of Galesburg, Ills., has assigned with liabilities of $3,000. His creditors are Chicago men.

President Evans, of Hedding college, Abingdon, Ills., has prohibited football. He denounces the game as brutal and compares it to prize ring contests and bull fights.

In a fight at Windsor, Ill., Ol Byrnes knocked Wallace Decker through a window, cutting his jugular vein. Decker will die.

W. H. Beardsley, a painter, of Turner, Ills., lay down in the snow and went to sleep while intoxicated. He froze to death.

George Eby, aged 9, of Watseka, Ills., was playing with a cartridge, when it exploded, inflicting a wound that proved fatal shortly afterward.

John Casey of Freeport, Ills., a brakeman on the Illinois Central, fell under the cars in the Rockford yards. One leg was cut off and the other badly mangled. His recovery is doubtful.

Too Many Aces in the Game.

BIG STONE GAP, Va., Dec. 9.—Dave Thompson and Henry Murray got into a difficulty over a game of cards. Four aces showed up in the game in one hand, while in another was a pair of aces. Thompson was the handiest with his gun. Murray will die. Thompson escaped.

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT.

Devoted Principally to Arguments Against Greenbacks and Silver.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4.—The president's message, which has been read to congress, is devoted almost entirely to consideration of the financial question, foreign relations taking the second place. The review of the work of the various departments of government and recommendations regarding them, which have always been prominent features of a general message from the president to a new congress, are omitted, the only attention to them being a recommendation that such departmental reports be carefully read and considered.

The usual conservatism is observed in regard to the foreign part of the message, except as to Venezuela, where the president asserts the Monroe doctrine with such vigor as to please even the "spirited foreign policy" people. The tariff is touched upon in his well known style in relating the discrimination made by Germany against American products. As to Cuba the president urges that the neutrality laws be faithfully observed as a matter of notional honor.

Nothing is said about the proposed recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents. Regarding the Turkish-Armenian troubles, the message states that the government of the United States is doing everything in its power to protect the lives and property of its citizens in the disturbed districts, but aside from this it is not interfering with the European powers in their attempt to regulate the governmental affairs of Turkey.

The greater part of the message is devoted to a thorough and comprehensive discussion of the government's financial conditions, incidental to which is given a history of the United States notes (greenbacks) and treasury notes, and of the efforts to maintain the gold reserve in the treasury. The president's recommendation on this subject is that we should retire from circulation all so-called greenbacks and treasury notes, and substitute for them bonds of small or large denominations to run for many years, at a low rate of interest.

The message concludes with an earnest argument against the free coinage of silver, and an appeal to the people of the country not to further the cause of free silver by advocating it, to the detriment, as he claims, of the financial credit of the country or the impairment of a sound and stable currency.

CLOSE TO A CRISIS.

Our Relations with England on Affairs in Venezuela.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 5.—A brief dispatch London says that the essence of Lord Salisbury's reply to the congressional advice that Great Britain submit the whole Venezuela boundary question to arbitration is that Great Britain declines to accept the advice. There is reason to believe that the president was aware before his message went to congress that Lord Salisbury's response would be unfavorable, but the fact was probably withheld from congress because that portion of the message relating to Venezuela had already been completed and the president desires to make it the subject of a special communication that will give the matter the importance it deserves. If the reply is of the nature stated, then it is realized here that there can be but one line of action open to the president.

Having received a negative reply to his direct inquiry whether or not Great Britain is prepared to submit to arbitration all of the territory in dispute—for there can be no doubt that the president has been informed by cable of the nature of the communication coming by mail—there remains for him but one course, namely, to submit the matter to congress for its further direction. Beyond this point the president cannot go alone, for to be consistent he would be obliged to notify the British government that any encroachment upon Venezuelan soil would be regarded by the United States as a hostile act; and that is so perilously close to an open declaration of war that it might be construed as an infringement upon the constitutional power of congress.

Christmas Gift for Mrs. Curzon.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—Mrs. Grover Cleveland has purchased a life-sized intaglio of a child holding lilies entitled, "Blessed Are the Pure in Heart." It is to be sent to England as a Christmas gift from the president's wife to her friend, Mrs Curzon, nee Leiter.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.

Money on call nominally 1½@2 per cent. Prime mercantile papers 4@5¼ per cent.; sterling exchange steady, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487¾@488 for demand, and 487¼@488 for sixty days; posted rates, 488½@489 and 489½@490; commercial bills, 487.

Silver certificates, 67⅛@67¼; no sales; bar silver, 66¼. Mexican dollars, 53¾.

United States government bonds firm, higher: new 4's reg., 120¾; do. coupons, 120¾; 5's reg., 114¾; coupons, 114⅞; 4's reg., 110⅝; coupons, 111⅞; 2's reg. 97; Pacific 6's of '95, 99.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 57⅝c, closed 59⅜c; January, opened 58c, closed 58¾c; May, opened 61¼c, closed 63c. Corn—December, opened 25¼c, closed 26⅜c; January, opened 26¼c, closed 26⅛c; May, opened 2?c, closed 29¼c. Oats—December, opened 17⅛c, closed 17⅝c; February, opened 18¼c, closed 18⅛c; May, opened 20⅛c, closed 20¼c. Pork—December, opened $7.72½, closed $7.55; January, opened $8.55, closed $8.55; May, opened $8.92½, closed $8.90. Lard—December nominal, closed $5.12½; January, opened $5.27½, closed $5.27½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 25c per lb.; extra dairy, 20@21c; packing stock, 11@12c. Eggs — Fresh stock, 20c per dozen. Dressed Poultry—Spring chickens, 6½@7c per lb; old hens, 6@6½c; roosters, 4½@5c; turkeys, 6@9c; ducks, 9@10c; geese, 6@9c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@25c per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $2.25@3.00 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.25@3.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1 lb sections, fancy, 12½@13c per lb.; broken comb, 10@11c; extracted, 5@6c. Cranberries—Cape Cod, $2.50@2.85 per box.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 57,000; sales ranged at $2.80@3.55 pigs, $3.35@3.52½ light, $3.30@3.40 rough packing, $3.35@3.55 mixed, and $3.45@3.55 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,000; quotations ranged at $4.80@5.10 Christmas beeves, $4.35@4.75 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.00@4.40 good to choice do., $3.45@3.95 fair to good, $3.15@3.40 common to medium do., $2.10@3.35 butchers' steers, $2.20@3.90 stockers, $2.75@3.60 feeders, $1.50@3.40 cows, $2.40@3.55 heifers, $1.75@4.50 bulls, $2.60@3.80 Texas steers, $2.70@3.80 western range steers, and $3.00@5.75 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; sales ranged at $1.75@[illegible] westerns, $1.75@2.75 Texas, $1.75@3.50 natives and $3.00@4.40 lambs.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Dec. 4.

A package containing $2,000 was stolen from the Adams express office at Albia, Iowa.

Herbert Brennan, a fireman on the Illinois Central, was killed by a switch engine in charge of Engineer Miller at the foot of Park Row, Chicago. He had started to cross the tracks.

John Goodnow, president of the Minnesota League of Republican clubs, was secretly married to Mrs. Flora E. Powers, well known in St. Paul, Minneapolis and Chicago, in Milwaukee, July 9, 1893. The fact was made public by Mrs. Goodnow, who refused to accede to her husband's desire to longer keep it secret.

A new counterfeit $2 silver certificate has been discovered. It is of the series of 1891; check letter C; plate No. 41; J. Fount Tillman, register; D. N. Morgan, treasurer; portrait of Windom; small scalloped seal. The note is much smaller in every way than the genuine.

Intense excitement has been caused at Reynoldsburg, O., by the discovery in the craws of ducks brought to market from a neighboring farm of a number of fine gold nuggets.

Thursday, Dec. 5.

Lorenzo Bur, secretary of a number of Philadelphia building association, is missing and is said to be a defaulter to the extent of $25,000.

Zeronica Uricz, a laborer, was killed by an Illinois Central passenger train at Eighty-seventh street, Chicago.

There is no truth in the report that Rev. D. W. Kenrick, has been appointed bishop of St. Louis. The author of the rumor evidently did not know that St. Louis is an archdiocese.

A six-story building running from 106 to 110 Attorney street, and taking in 181 181½ Riverton street, New York, was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $30,000.

George Stahl, a Chicago saloonkeeper, shot himself at his home. He had been on a prolonged spree.

Mount Holyoke seminary girls at South Hadley, Mass., have organized a fire brigade.

A receiver has been appointed at Kansas City for the Pennsylvania Investment company. The liabilities are $365,000.

Chief Justice Fuller, of the United States supreme court, is confined to his bed by a severe cold, under care of his physician.

Friday, Dec. 6.

Belgium has refused to surrender Harry Russell, the postoffice robber and Ludlow street jailbreaker, because the crime of which he is charged is not mentioned in the extradition treaty.

Theodore A. Havemeyer, the "sugar king," is to be made a baron. An imperial emissary is on the way from Austria with the patent of nobility.

A. J. Robinson, Chicago juror who disappeared last week, is locked up at the police station charged with burglary.

The ex-Empress Eugenie contemplates a visit to Egypt and a voyage up the Nile.

William E. Gladstone has notified Chauncey M. Depew that he cannot lecture in Chicago on the Armenian question under the auspices of the Press club on account of the infirmities incident to his great age.

A mail pouch from Chicago to Allegheny, Pa., was stolen from the Fort Wayne station at Allegheny. It was taken from the mail car, cut open, and all the letters carried off.

Saturday, Dec. 7.

Governor Altgeld has issued a requisition for James Kimbrough, wanted at Vandalia, Ills., for robbery and under arrest at St. Louis.

W. C. T. U. leaders propose a new scheme for assisting Mrs. Matilda B. Carse to acquire a controlling interest in the Temple building at Chicago for the national W. C. T. U. Each white-ribboner is to be asked for $5, with larger sums from those who can afford to give more. This, it is believed, will pay every dollar of the debt.

The Iowa State Traveling Men's association is in session at Des Moines.

The first wedding on the campus of the University of Chicago has been celebrated. It was an elopement. George F. Duerr and Jennie Wilkin were the contracting parties and were made man and wife in the south divinity school by Rev. John Y. Aitchison. This act was in open defiance of an unwritten law of the college against the marriage of students.

Attorney General Harmon in his annual report advises that no appeals in criminal cases be heard by the United States supreme court, except where death is the penalty.

Monday, Dec. 9.

At a special election in the Forty-eighth Kentucky legislative district the Democrats won. This makes the Kentucky legislature a tie on joint ballot.

In a collision near Waupum, Pa., on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie, Frank Adams, engineer, was killed and John Doubt, fireman and W. W. Bishop, express messenger, were severely wounded.

John Kennedy, living on Woodley road, near Washington, attempted to thaw a package of dynamite at a fire. The package caught fire, he stamped on it, and was blown to pieces.

At the meeting of the National Live Stock convention at Chicago the following officers were elected: President, William H. Thompson; treasurer, L. B. Doud; secretary, Charles W. Baker—all of Chicago.

Fire in the soap plant at Chicago of James S. Kirk & Co., caused a loss in building, stock and machinery of $230,000. Two firemen were injured by coming in contact with strong lye.

The Great Value

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla to me is beyond estimate. For 2 years I have been in poor health, taking medicine all the time with little benefit. In the winter I had a severe attack of rheumatism and thought I should never get rid of it. Since taking five bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I am like a new person.

MRS. LIZZIE SHAFFER, Riverton, Illinois.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.
Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Official Newspaper of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 14, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Mr. E. H. Sothern.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Leavenworth Case."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Robinson Crusoe, Jr."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Social Highwayman."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Whitney Opera Co.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"A Green Goods Man."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. James C. Roach, "Rory of the Hill."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

POLITICAL THEOLOGY IN ST. LOUIS.

A patriotic Irish priest—one of the kind whose zeal in the cause of Ireland has done more to preserve the Catholic faith among their countrymen than all the eloquence of the church—has sent us a copy of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* of Dec. 1, in which are published interviews with Archbishop Kain and several St. Louis clergymen in reference to the Irish National Alliance. The newspaper report referred to says:

"When questioned in relation to the 'new movement' Archbishop Kain expressed without hesitation his disapproval of it in no meaningless phraseology. 'I do not believe in it,' said his Grace. 'I disapprove of it. I suppose I am as good an Irishman as any of them, but I do not see any use in a rebellion against the English government. I do not approve of the sentiments expressed by the spokesman at the Chicago convention.'

"'Will the Catholic church consider the movement a revolutionary one, and will she condemn it as she did the Fenian movement in 1867?'

"'I am not the church,' said his Grace, 'and cannot answer the question.'

"'Do you, as an archbishop of the Catholic church, think that such action will be taken?'

"'I cannot answer the question, for I I do not know what action will be taken.'

"'The Irish National Alliance advocates in this city have been termed by a Catholic clergyman anarchists. What do you think of that?'

"'I think that is too strong, but yet I disapprove of them.'

"All further efforts to have the Archbishop express an opinion as to to the probable action of the Catholic church on the Movement proved unavailing. 'I am not the church,' he would reply, 'and cannot answer the question.'"

It has been our fortune, or misfortune, to differ from several archbishops on the Irish question, but we know an archbishop, or maybe two, with whom we have no difference on that subject. The good Archbishop Kain is evidently frightened at the idea of an Irish rebellion, and seems to think that the Irish National Alliance wants to hurl Ireland into the deadly throes of war, while England is at peace with all the great powers. Yet, behind his rather premature condemnation we rather think we can discover a shade of sympathy in Dr. Kain's heart for the cause of Irish independence. He has the manliness, at least, to say that his opinion is an individual one, and he does not assume to speak for the church as a whole. We regret to have to remember that certain eminent prelates in Ireland, and here also, were accustomed to condemn Irish movements as if they controlled the Pope and the Sacred College.

But now we come to the priestly interviewees, and they are not raised in our estimation by their utterances. We suppose that they are all sons of the people, not of the aristocrats, of Ireland, and, therefore, their sentiments are all the more astonishing. Some of their remarks smack of Maynooth College in the days when clerical students were obliged to take an oath of allegiance to the English Queen that would make even a Royal Irish Constable blush with shame. Here is, in part, what the Rev. Father Keilty had to say to the reporter:

"Poor Ireland! She can cry out indeed—'Save me from my friends.' No, no, I do not believe in the 'New Movement.' It is folly. Some of these fellows are out of a job and need something to do. They must make themselves conspicuous or they would not have a livelihood.'

"'Will the church condemn it?'

"'I do not know what the church will do with it. I do not hesitate to tell you that I think the government of the United States will condemn it and stop it as soon as it assumes any dimensions. It did so before, and it certainly will do so again.'

"'Are not the Irish people justified in rebelling?'

"'Not now. There are wanting the conditions that justify rebellion.'

"'When is rebellion justifiable?'

"'Where there is a negation of the application of natural law.'

"'Is not there a just cause in this case?'

"'No, sir. The government is trying to remedy the ills of which the Irish people complain, and as long as it is doing this there can be no just cause for rebellion among its subjects. Rebellion, as I told you before, is only to be resorted to when the application of natural law is denied. Another thing—government is divine. It is not of human origin. It must be respected by the people as long as it suits the people. When the people cease to respect an existing form and clamor for another they get one. This is not the condition of things in Ireland and all the hair-brained revolutionists in this country will not make it so unless it is so.'"

It is safe to say that some of the leaders of the New Movement are, at least, as conspicuous as Father Keilty, and, as to making a livelihood, they have succeeded in doing so up to date. President Lyman can draw a check on his banker for a handsome amount, and has been able to do so for the last fifteen years. Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, of St. Louis, and the gifted young lawyer, O'Neill Ryan, need no financial assistance from Father Keilty, or anybody else. What good does identification with the Irish movement do such men? On the contrary it injures them socially, politically and financially. Such talk from the lips of a priest who ought to know better is ridiculous. His laudation of the British government is absurd. In fact Father Keilty speaks like a man in his dotage.

Now comes the Rev. Father Burke, who said, among other things "Obedience is the first and last duty, and is better than sacrifice." In answer to the question, "When are subjects justified in rebelling against their rulers?" he replies "Never, in the strict sense of the term," and he then stops without any more definite reply. He admitted, however, that subjects are justified in rebelling when there is no other way to redress grievances. And in this THE CITIZEN quite agrees with Father Burke, and so, too, does the Irish National Alliance, so far as we can judge from its avowed sentiments. All moral agencies have been tried on England and all in vain. This being the case, the Irish people are justified in rebelling against England when opportunity offers. Father Burke is thus qualified to be a member of the Irish National Alliance.

Then follows the Rev. Father Lavery, who drops from logic into abuse. Speaking of the leaders of the Irish National Alliance he says, "I would not call them anarchists, they are asses. The best judges of the wants of the Irish people in Ireland are the Irish themselves, and those that are over here do not know their wants. The jest judge of the needs of one's own household is himself, and so it is with the Irish people."

If the national alliance men are "asses," the Rev. Father Lavery must be considered a mule, and so there is "a horse" on him in the controversy. The Rev. Father did not closely study the proceedings of the Irish National Alliance or he would not commit himself to such coarse censure of his countrymen, who are doing their best for Ireland "according to their lights." A rough tongue belongs to a wild animal of the feline race, not to a preacher of the mild gospel of Christ. Father Lavery should practice what he preaches, namely a little Christian charity.

He also goes into a somewhat learned dissertation on the duties of subjects to their rulers, as if the Irish were the natural subjects of a power that has robbed them by force and fraud of their birthright. Such casuistry blinds no intelligent Catholic in these enlightened days. The Irish will never be damned for denying English authority over them, but a good many are likely to be damned for acknowledging it. This is our political theology. Father Lavery is welcome to his English version of it.

One mistake all these reverend gentlemen make: They accuse the Irish National Alliance of seeking to drive the Irish people into a war with the British Empire without just cause or preparation. That the cause is just, nobody but an Englishman, or Irish West Briton, will dispute. As to preparation, that must come with time and labor, and nothing can be accomplished without it. To prepare for the opportunity is the mission of the Irish National Alliance, and in this mission all true Americans and Irishmen, lay or clerical, will bid them God speed.

LEADING IRISH ACTOR AT McVICKER'S

Mr. James C. Roach, the distinguished Irish playwright and actor, will open in his renowned play, written by himself, "Rory of the Hill," at McVicker's Theatre Sunday evening, Dec. 15, supported by a powerful and versatile company. Mr. Roach is an intense Irish nationalist, and his object is to elevate the Irish character on the stage, not to lower it, as is too frequently the case with actors who assume to be Irish, without having practical knowledge of the manners, the customs, the sentiments and the aspirations of the people of Ireland.

A patriotic New York priest writes to us of the advent of Mr. Roach most sympathetically and says, "I hope Chicago, and particularly the Irish-Americans of Chicago, will give him thorough support and encouragement, as was the case in this city, when his play 'Rory of the Hill' ran successfully at the Academy of Music for one hundred consecutive nights. His success means sympathy and aid for the cause we all have so much at heart. Mr. Roach is on the right track and every true-hearted Irish man and woman should show appreciation of his manly efforts to elevate the character of Ireland on the stage."

The Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D., says in a recent article: "Single-handed, opposed by the indifference of his own people, the stolid inertia of critics and managers, who have made up their minds that the Irish play is dead, Roach has fought his battle for the truth; and in this day he has had the double satisfaction of witnessing the downfall of the Boucicault and Harrigan schools, and of presenting to the American public an Irish play built as closely after the old traditions as the American public will stand for the present. Mr. Roach's career is assurance that if any actor can aid in the resurrection of the Irish drama, his early training and present qualifications make him the man. To my mind he has amply proved this in the construction and the acting of his latest drama, 'Rory of the Hill.'"

During his recent tour in Canada, the only adverse criticism of the play was that it was "too Irish, too National," and this came exclusively from British and Orange sources. What the two elements named condemn should have the hearty support of the Irish element in this country, and, therefore, we hope to see crowded houses at McVicker's during the four weeks' engagement of Mr Roach.

THE GREAT CATHOLIC CHARITY BALL

It is admitted by the daily press, without an exception, that the great charity ball of the Catholic Women's National League, held at the Auditorium on Wednesday night was one of the most brilliant social functions that has graced the history of Chicago, so rich in such events. It is safe to say that almost every prominent Catholic in the city was present, and that only imperative engagements of one kind or another kept away such as did not attend. There were also present hundreds of non-Catholics, who came there at the universal call of charity. The Catholic Women's League may well feel proud of the success it has achieved, and prouder still of the good it has accomplished by its social triumph. The dancers entered the mammoth hall in two columns, the one led by Mr. Michael Cudahy and Mrs. C. F. Mather-Smith, and the other by Mr. Daniel B. Scully and Mrs. P. J. O'Keefe. The executive committee to whom the success of the entertainment is mainly due, was composed as follows: Mesdames C. A. Plamondon, James E. Eagle, P. J. O'Keefe, Alexander Sullivan, Michael Cudahy, J. B. Sullivan, J. B. Murphy, M. L. LaBounte, M. W. Ryan, J. J. Gallery, A. J. Graham and V. H. Alexander; Misses E. A. Smyth, Sarah Hickey, K. Prindiville, M. E. Casey, Margaret Smyth and Mrs. George G. Hill.

The floor committee was composed of the following gentlemen: H. R. Eagle, chairman, J. H. Amberg, J. M. Crennan, Dr. P. H. Welch, J. E. Kinsella, J. J. Gallery, Jacob J. Kern, W. F. Carroll, S. T. A. Loftis, D. F. Linneen, J. B. Heeney, Charles Hickey, T. J. Sullivan, T. F. O'Connell, W. Alexander, J. J. O'Hara, H. J. Powers, W. H. Rehm, A. Plamondon, W. A. Lydon, T. J. Cannon, G. S. Cooke, Arnold Heap, C. S. O'Meara, W. D. Munhall, J. L. Weadly, W. A. Fortune, W. A. Doyle, Dr. J. H. Collins, T. W. Moran, W. H. Allen, F. S. Cummings, P. J. McArdle, T. P. Wade, J. J. Casey, S. T. Alexander, G. G. Hill, D. Bremner, Jr., J. J. Duffy, William Powell, A. J. Doyle, J. W. Breen, J. P. McShane, F. E. Donoughue, F. H. Clifford, J. J. Swenie, G. M. Baggot, J. E. Bourke, P. W. Jackson, T. J. Cochran, T. S. Kiernan, D. W. Baker, Jr., T. E. Nelson, A. Waltersdorf, W. F. Donohue, W. P. Linneen, F. L. Flood.

The reception committee was composed as follows: Michael Cudahy, chairman; D. F. Bremner, W. A. Amberg, J. S. Cooke, Z. P. Brosseau, J. M. Smyth, G. Franchere, Dr. J. Murphy, W. Hesing, A. Cummings, Col. W. P. Rend, J. C. Carroll, P. J. Healy, A. G. Dayton, T. Brenan, A. Plamondon, Dr. J. E. Keefe, T. F. Mullaney, Dr. Caldwell, D. B. Scully, P. H. Rice, W. P. Nelson, T. W. Sennott, J. P. Hopkins, M. Penner, M. J. Corboy, Thos. Gahan, J. P. Barrett, M. W. Kerwin, Charles Mair, P. J. O'Keefe, W. Henneberry, J. H. Amberg.

The committee on boxes, all of which were sold at an average price of $100, was headed by Mrs. Michael Cudahy; that on music by Mrs. J. B. Murphy; that on decoration by Mrs. M. J. La Bounte, and that on invitations by Mrs. James E. Eagle. Hand had charge of the dancing music, and the splendid Seventh Regiment band, in the intervals of dancing, disposed of an elaborate selection of airs. THE CITIZEN regrets that pressure on its space precludes a more extended notice of this great social and benevolent event.

IRISH VERSUS ENGLISH KINGS.

The Philadelphia *Record* of the 29th ult. published an editorial on "The Irish in Ireland" which, although not venomously intended, placed Irish statesmanship and Irish common-sense in a bad light before its readers. The *Record* writer seems to imagine that no other race but the Irish had faction fights or royal assassins. Here is a portion of what it had to say:

"The history of Ireland (we are speaking of the Irishman on his native heath) from the earliest records is a history of failure in the art of government. Passionate struggles among rival clans inevitably led to disintegration and loss of national independence. Irish historians trace the line of Irish kings from the time of the flood, although they declare that there 'were many Irish princes' before that time. The record of these personages, however, was no doubt lost in that awful cataclysm. At any rate, there is no mention anywhere of its preservation. But what is asserted of a later period is that about the year 1300 B.C. Ireland was conquered by forces coming from Spain. Between the conquest and the Christian era there reigned in the conquered country about 169 kings; and of these only fifteen died in their beds—war, assassination, plague and violent deaths of one kind or another destroying the rest. From the birth of Christ up to the conquest of Ireland by Henry II of England, in 1172, there were seventy-nine kings; and of these thirty-five were killed, assassinated or poisoned. And yet the Christian religion had been established in Ireland, and amid the forays and battles between the different clans a race of scholars had grown up and Irish learning ranked high. But the statesman's craft, the constructive genius in the political field, seems to have been wanting all through the centuries, and the settled state of order was for the most part unknown. At the same time it must be said that no people 'love equal or indifferent justice, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof although it be against themselves,' than the Irish. What they require, and what has been lacking for the most part in their history, has been statesmanlike qualities in their rulers. After the English conquest they were regarded as an alien and subject race, and the law of force, instead of the law of justice and conciliation, was the bitter portion. Since the Union, and for the past fifty years particularly, as if to atone for the misgovernment of the past, England has done her best to remove grievances and to build up the prosperity of Ireland."

If the *Record* editor will turn to the histories of France, Germany, Scotland and, more particularly, England he will find evidences of faction and murder in plenty. It is pretty hard to have an accurate knowledge of the fate of a line of kings, extending "from the birth of Christ" to the conquest(?) of Ireland by Henry II. But, leaving out the elder Norman line, which was distinguished by eternal faction fighting, we will take Henry himself, who was constantly at war with his sons, Henry, Jr., Richard, Geoffry, and, in a lesser degree, John, whom he had created "Lord of Ireland." They brought his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. "From the devil we came" (meaning the Plantagenets) said Richard Cœur de Lion, "and to him we shall return." Both Henry and Geoffrey died in rebellion against their father. Richare was killed in France by a poisoned arrow. John murdered, or caused to be murdered, his nephew Arthur, son of Geoffry and legitimate heir to the throne. Henry III lived to be an old man, but bore a frightfully bad moral character. Edward I died of exhaustion in pursuing his attempt on the independence of Scotland. Edward II, accused of unmentionable vices, was murdered in Berkeley castle, by the connivance of his own infamous wife and her paramour, Mortimer, in an unspeakable manner. Edward III, an old libertine, died fondling the hand of his mistress, Alice Perrers, who stole the rings from his fingers the moment the breath had left his body. Richard II was either killed or starved to death in Pontefract Castle, Yorkshire, by order of his cousin, Henry IV. The latter died, it was said, in an epileptic fit, while praying before a shrine in Westminster Abbey. Henry V, after ruining France for the period, died of the bloody flux. Henry VI was murdered by his cousins of York in the Tower. Edward IV died of drink and debauchery. Edward V was murdered, with his younger brother, by Richard of Gloster, afterward Richard III. The latter was killed in battle at Bosworth Field. Henry VII withered up and died of his own meanness. He was the king who declined to aid Columbus in the discovery of America. Henry VIII died of congenital rottenness, and stunk so badly in death that he had to be buried, like carrion, in the dead of night, after having murdered at least two of his many wives. Edward VI died of inanition. Bloody Mary is said to have died of the dropsy. Elizabeth died of remorse at having caused her paramour, Essex, to be beheaded, because of his failure in the wars against Hugh O'Neill in Ireland. James I, "a slobbering idiot," died of an overgrown tongue, which finally choked him. Charles I was beheaded. Charles II died of apoplexy, superinduced by over indulgence in strong drink. James II was driven from his kingdom, and died a pensioner of the King of France. William III broke his neck while out riding. Mary II died of smallpox. Queen Anne is said to have died of a surfeit of "black pudding." George I died of old age and strong beer. George II "ruptured his heart." George III died a maniac, in London Tower. George IV died of a misspent life. William IV died practically a paretic. Victoria—well, she is not dead yet.

The record of the old Milesian kings may be pretty tough, but it is respectable when placed beside that of the English monarchs, since the Conquest. There are points in the *Record's* editorial that need no answer—they are self-evidently absurd. Some "Americans" are so self-sufficient that they will not further instruct themselves—they judge superficially.

The statement that England "since the Union," and, particularly, during the last fifty years, "has done her best to remove grievances and to build up the prosperity of Ireland" will be received with "a guffaw" by Irishmen everywhere. Will England account for the 4,500,000 people that have vanished (not counting the natural increase) from Irish soil since 1845? Of course, the Philadelphia Know-It-All will say, "Oh, the country couldn't sustain them!" This will produce another guffaw from the Irish. This editorial Yankee, of Philadelphia, needs much sound instruction in general as well as Irish history. He is only a skimmer of knowledge, and depends mostly on a musty encyclopædia, or, perhaps, Whitaker's Almanac, for his information in regard to Ireland and the Irish. Some Yankees don't know quite as much as they think they know. We are prepared to enlighten them. To instruct the ignorant is one of the corporal works of mercy.

NICK O'CONOR, ET. AL.

The London *Universe* (Catholic) says: "The new ambassador to Russia is an Irishman — Sir Nicholas Roderick O'Conor. He is a scion of an old Roscommon family, a Catholic and married to the niece of the Duke of Norfolk. He has been in the diplomatic service since he was 22, and has had experience from Washington to Pekin. He negotiated the Anglo-Chinese treaty respecting Burmah and the Anglo-Bulgarian treaty of 1889. And yet, for the fiftieth time we repeat, Irishmen who govern for others so well are denied the right of governing in the land of their birth."

The reason is explainable enough. Irishmen, like Sir Nick O'Conor, not having any career in their own country, go into the service of the enemy, and advertise England's "liberality" at the expense of Ireland's nationality. It is not wonderful that Ireland remains a slave, when her very best talent is purchased by England. Three chief generals, one chief admiral and one lord chief justice, not to speak of officials, military, naval and legal of less note, including Nick O'Connor, are now furnished by Ireland to her persecutor. It must be acknowledged that England rewards with her highest places the Queen's Irish of talent who enter her service. But, after all, they have only sold themselves to the devil.

DEATH OF GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

One of the most interesting of modern journalists, George Augugtus Sala, died in London last Sunday. He visited America at the time of the Rebellion and wrote several very interesting letters to a London paper in regard to this country and its inhabitants. These communications were not considered complimentary by the American press, anymore than those of "Bull Run" Russell written contemporaneously. Sala rather slurred American virtue and manners, while Russell did his best to disparage American valor—that is Northern valor. This, however, is an old English trick—as old as the Battle of the Boyne. Any one who takes the trouble to look over the English newspapers of the revolutionary period will find the Americans generally set down as running away from a handful of British troops, whereas the reverse was more frequently the case. The "rebels" were sneered at as unworthy of consideration, until Burgoyne was compelled to surrender, and, even then, that unfortunate general was made a scapegoat in order to soothe British vanity. England's well known, and often bitterly displayed, jealousy of this country, explains all this. She has never a good word to say for any rival, commercial or political. The average Englishman is filled with a racial egotism of which other races have no conception—he actually thinks he is conferring a favor on people of other races when he forces them under his rule. Those who object to this are dubbed rebels, and those who fight against him and fail are called "cowards." He fails to see that in depreciating his enemy he is doubly depreciating himself.

We know of only one absolutely fair English historian—the late Prof. Green, author of the splendid "History of the English People," which has won world wide fame. Mr. Leckey, by birth an Irishman, whatever may be his political faults, is an admirable historian—the best living "English" historian. Barring these two, we cannot recall any English writer of note who has been decently impartial to England's rivals or enemies.

Therefore, Sala can hardly be held accountable for his libels on America and Americans. Dickens, in a different direction, was even more severe in his "American Notes" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," but he lived to apologize and to rake in American dollars as a lecturer, a quarter of a century after the publication of his books. Sala did not apologize, and, of course, did not have a chance to catch many of our dollars, however he might have desired to do so when he lectured here in 1878. But, after all, he was a pleasant and a graphic writer—qualities that cover numerous journalistic sins. He was born a Protestant but died a convert to the Catholic church.

A FOOLISH INSULT TO GEN. MILES.

An editorial writer in the Atlanta *Evening Constitution* of Dec. 6 had the folly to make a personal attack on Major General Miles, head of the United States Army, who is now visiting the Exposition, and called him "an epauletted brute," and other hard names, for alleged ill treatment of the late Jefferson Davis when that gentleman was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe. He also reflects on the General's courage and says, with true southern sarcasm, that he is "no gentleman." All America will laugh at the imputation of cowardice as applied to the dauntless Miles—a man born absolutely without even the instinct of fear, as he has well proven on hundreds of fields of battle, both civilized and savage. As to what constitutes "a gentleman" opinions will always differ, but of one thing we are certain, General Miles, were he an editor, would scorn to insult a guest of the people among whom he lived.

When Gen. Miles commanded Fortress Monroe, he was merely a subordinate officer, under the direct control of President Johnson—himself a Southern man—and Secretary of War Stanton. He was obliged by his official oath to carry out the instructions of his superiors to the letter, and our best information is that he tried to soften the imprisonment of Jefferson Davis in every manner within his power. In 1865, Jefferson Davis was looked upon at the North very much in the same spirit that Napoleon was regarded in England after Waterloo, and when he fell into the hands of that nation by an over confidence in its sense of magnanimity and honor. The tragical death of Lincoln had inflamed the mind of the North, and Jefferson Davis was regarded much more harshly than he would have been under ordinary circumstances. General Miles is a strict disciplinarian, and, having been responsible for the security of the prisoner, he relaxed no rule in his favor. This was the full extent of his so-called brutality.

General Miles has some of the faults common to the human race, but he is not "a brute," still less "a coward," and his popularity with the private soldiers of the army shows that he is not a tyrant. The General has been too often tried and found true metal to be called upon to regard the accusations of the Atlanta editor in a serious light. That such sentiments can still exist in the South, after the recent tour of our First Regiment in that region, would go far to argue that the war is not yet over, in Atlanta at least, and that things are not what they seem.

SECRETARY JOHN P. SUTTON, of the Irish National Alliance, reports excellent progress in the new organization in New York, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey and other Eastern states. What, may we inquire, is the cause of the indifference manifested in Illinois up to date? This used to be the banner state of Irish-American patriotism in other years. It should be so again, and Chicago ought to set the example without further loss of time. Constitutions and By-Laws can be applied for to Secretary John P. Sutton, *Irish Republic* office, 51 West Thirteenth street, New York.

WILLIAM O'CONNELL BRADLEY, with an O the size of a cart-wheel, first Republican governor of Kentucky, was inaugurated amid enthusiasm at Frankfort, Ky., on Tuesday.

THE Republican National Convention will meet in St. Louis, Mo., on June 16. So the National Committee has decided. Therefore, all the labors of Pierce, Allerton & Co. have been in vain. St. Louis worked her end of the struggle well and deserved the success she has scored.

CONGRESSMAN BARRETT, of Massachusetts, moved the impeachment of Ambassador Bayard for unbecoming speeches on the American tariff policy before English and Scotch audiences, in the House on Tuesday. After a warm debate, the matter was referred to the committee on judiciary.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, editor of the Boston *Pilot*, has published, through Houghton, Mifflin & Co., a second volume of poems, entitled "Ballads of Blue Water." It is a charming little volume and contains many gems of poetical fancy and expression. Mr. Roche, unlike some poets of more pretension, sings as naturally as a nightingale and is par-

McVICKER'S THEATRE.

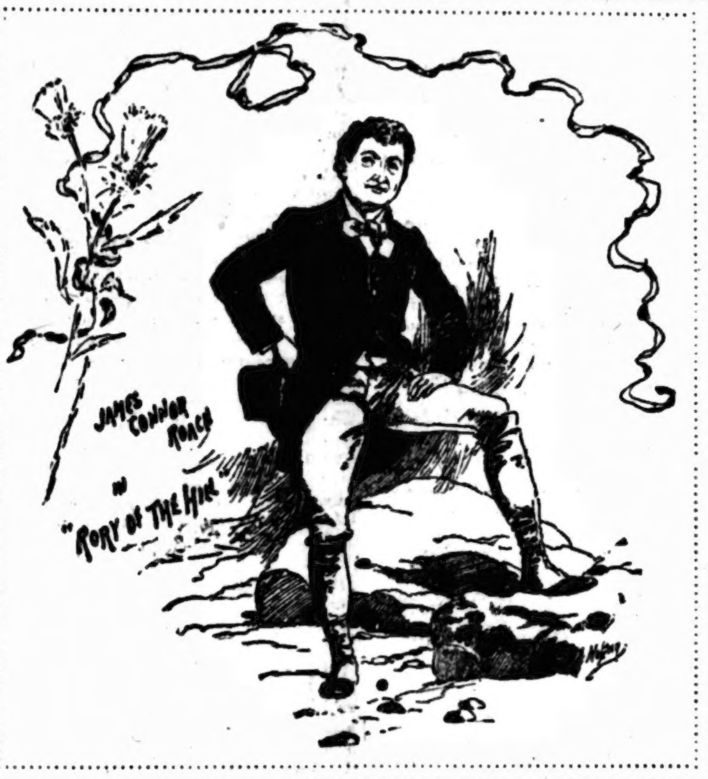
Every Evening, With Matinees Wednesday and Saturday,

BEGINNING SUNDAY, DECEMBER 15,

THE EMINENT IRISH

AUTHOR-ACTOR,

MR. JAMES C. ROACH,



IN HIS BEAUTIFUL,

Legitimate Irish Comedy-Drama,

"RORY OF THE HILL,"

With the Same Magnificent Pictorial Scenic Embellishment, From Actual Scenes in Ireland, as Presented for

100 NIGHTS AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK.

The Most Artistic and Truthful Production Ever Given the Irish Drama.

THE GREAT NEW YORK TRIUMPH DELIGHTING MULTITUDES.

MANAGEMENT OF MR. WILLIAM M. SMITH.

ticularly happy in his heroic ballads. We could have wished, however, that an Irish subject or two had been dealt with by the gifted author, but we forget—Ireland has no navy.

* * *

ONE of the liveliest councils of the Irish National Alliance recently established, is that at Anaconda, Mont., which organized on the 23d ult., with the following officers: President, J. V. Collins; vice-president, William Hurley; treasurer, John P. Dolan; recording secretary, Miles Kelly; financial secretary, John Golden.

* * *

SHELBY M. CULLOM again assures the public that he favors the Monroe doctrine and all things American. More power to you, Shelby!

* * *

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for lectures by John F. Finerty at St. Louis, Mo., on Jan. 22; at Memphis, Tenn., on Jan. 24, and at Nashville, Tenn., on or about Jan. 26. He is also expected to speak in Birmingham, Ala., about the end of January.

* * *

IT is said that William O'Connell Bradley, governor-elect of Kentucky, was assisted in his candidacy by the A.P.A. Bradley is related on the maternal side to Daniel O'Connell. Though the blood of the Liberator is three generations old in him, we are willing to stand chances on a man who signs his name "William O'Connell Bradley." If Governor Bradley sought favors from the A.P.A. he would be silent as the grave about the O'Connell centre piece in his name.—*Northwestern Catholic.*

* * *

MURDERER HAYWARD was executed at the gloomy and ghastly hour of 2:03, in Minneapolis, Wednesday morning. Earth is well rid of such a monster.

* * *

LYON & HEALY's musical publications for the week have been of a varied character. Eugene Kauffer is well represented by a Spanish dance "La Chiquita Morena" (the Nut Brown Maid), and a patriotic march which has the additional merit of being timely, "Cuba for Ever." From Merwin and Dickinson's comic opera "The Medicine Man" are two selections, "The Spinster's Song" and "O Love of Mine." "Go and Die, That's the Only Way Out of That," a song with a chorus and a gruesome cover showing skull and crossbones, is not inapplicable either to the title or the sentiment. A charming two step march "The Roof Garden," by Charles Quinn, is dedicated to George A. Fair, manager of that highly successful entertainment on the Masonic Temple, and "The Old Wedding Ring" by Harry Castleton Wade is a pretty ballad with all the essentials of popularity. Senor J. S. Libornio's march, "Sunnyside Park," has been so frequently played throughout the country by the Royal Hawaiian Band that it is quite an old friend, and another march, "The Vally Hunt" by Frederick Chapin, completes the list.

* * *

JOHN F. FINERTY will deliver the address at the Emmet celebration, San Francisco, Cal., on March Fourth next. It is probable that he will deliver lectures during the same month in Oakland, Sacramento, Los Angeles and other places on the Pacific coast.

* * *

A COUNCIL of the Irish National Alliance has been formed in Birmingham, Ala., with the following officers: President, P. J. Dowd; vice-president, Thos. Duggan; scretary, James J. McGovern; financial secretary, M. M. Boggan; treasurer, Patrick Brennan; sergeant-at-arms, Edward Ward.

* * *

FOR THE CITIZEN.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Who dares to say thy cause is dead,
That freedom from thy soul has fled,
That watchword for which heroes bled—
My native land.

That death and exile can outdo
The efforts of the faithful few
In weal and woe still firm and true—
My native land.

We cherish still with honest pride
The Trio who for Erin died—
By tyrants fettered, by knaves decried—
My native land.

The memory of the martyred boy—
His fate, his youth, his prayer, on scaffold high—
Brings flash of fire to every eye—
My native land.

The flag we bear has seen the fray;
We'll keep it for another day;
Thy cause shall never die, hurra!—
My native land.

R. W.

* * *

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

GAELIC PROSE.

"Agallamh na Senorach."

(AIR LEANAMHAIN)

Thángadar rómpa go Dún na barc an oidhche sin, agus adúbhairt Conall le Caeilte ar na mhárach, "Atá druim i g-comhfhogus dúinn ann so, Druim Náir a ainm, agus atá muc ann agus ni fhéadaid coin na daoine buaidh d'fhághail uirri." "Do bhidheas-sa lá," ar Caeilte, agus do b'fhiadhaigh me; agus cá h-áit a bh-fuil Donn mac Mórna?" "Tá me ann so," ar Donn. "Gabh d'arma go d-teidhmid d'fhiadhach na muice, an lion Féinne atáim," ar Caeilte. Gluaisid rómpa do'n druim anonn agus do chidbid an mhuc ann agus naoi bh-fiacal as gach carbad di. Agus do screach an mhuc ag faicsin na g-con agus na bh-fear mór; agus do ghabh gráin agus eagla iadsan róimpi. "Léagthar eadram-sa agus an mhuic," ar Donn, "óir is cuma liom mo bheatha no mo bhás." "Ascaidh churadh iarrair," ar Caeilte. Agus d'ionnsaigh Donn an mhuc; agus ag druid do'n mhuic chuige thug Caeilte sáthadh sleighe uirri go n-deachaidh ó'n ascaill go h-aroile di, gur marbhadh an mhuc leo ar an nós sin, agus nior fhéad siad a breith as go d-táinig sluagh Chonaill ar a ceann, agus tugadh i bh-fiadhnais Chonaill í. "Is mór an mhuc í," ar Conall. "Is fior sin," ar Caeilte, "is í an mhuc slángha í agus is um a leitheid sin thárla cogadh agus imreasáin chloinne Mórna agus chloinne Baeisene."

Agus nior chian dóibh go bh-facadar an moirsheisear (ag teacht) chuca. "Cá as a d-tangabhar, a óga?" ar Conall mac Neill. "Tháinigeamar," ar siad, "ó Phádraig mac Chalphuil n agus ó Oisin mac Fhinn agus ó Dhiarmaid mac Chearbhaill ar do cheannsa agus ar cheann Chaeilte." "Ni féidir liom-sa dul ann andiu d'éis mo sheilga, agus éirigh-se ann, a Chonaill," ar Caeilte, "agus beir leat na h-aisceadha úd .i. an t-eascra do bhi ag Fionn do Phádraig agus an Craebhghlasach, cloidheamh Fhinn, do Dhiarmaid mac Chearbhaill ri Eireann, agus an mhuc do marbhadh ann do righ Eireann, óir is í so an mhuc shlángha, no go bh-feicfidh cách í agus go roinnidh ri Eireann dóibh í eidir mhaith agus shaith. Do rinneadh uile mar sin agus tugadh an cloidheamh i láimh Dhuinn mhic Aedha mhic Gharraidh mhic Mhórna. "Sochar agus dochar an chloidhimh sin ort a ghilla," ar Caeilte, "no go ria tú go ri Eireann." Agus thug Conall féin an t-eascra leis do Phádraig agus thugadar na moghaidh an mhuc leo agus chuaidh siad rómpa go d-tangadar go cnoc uachtar Earca ar a m-blaoidhtear Uisneach anois, agus ar theacht dóibh ann is ann a bhi Pádraig i mullach Uisnigh agus Diarmaid mac Chearbhaill ar a láimh chle agus Muireadhach mac Fhinnachta ri Chonnacht ar a láimh-sain, agus Eochaidh Leithderg ri Laighean ar a láimh-sain, agus Eoghan Dearg mac Aenghusa ri dá chúige Mumhan ar láimh righ Eireann.

Tháinig Conall mac Neill iar sin agus thug a cheann i n-ucht Phádraig agus do shleucht do. "Tar annso, a Chonaill," ar Diarmaid. "I bh-fiadhnuis Phádraig béidhead," ar Conall, "gurab e bheidheas [illegible] mo chionn i neimh agus ar talamh." "Righe uaim-se duit," ar Pádraig, "agus triochad righ dod' shiol i righe, mo chathair agus m'abdaine duit fós, agus an t-inneoch do gheabhad ó chúig mór-chúigibh na h-Eireann do chaitheamh agad."

* * *

Blood and Nerves are very closely related. Keep the blood rich, pure and healthy with Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will have no trouble from nervousness.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation. 25c.

* * *

FOR the new Irish National Alliance Lapel Button, write to JOHN BERGAN, 226 South Halsted street, Chicago.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE IRISH MINSTREL.

Last night an ancient minstrel came
With tottering limbs and vacant sight,
And asked if we in Heaven's name
Might let him with us pass the night.
Too glad to house the minstrel gray,
And travellers now so seldom come,
Right cheerfully we bade him stay
And with us make himself at home.

The good old man refreshed, he soon
His harp strings touched with magic skill,
And gave each choice and favorite tune
In all its youthful cadence still.
We danced and sang in gay delight
Till hoarse in voice and tired in limb,
And fancied sparkling pure and bright
Our cup of bliss filled to the brim.

But ah! how seldom joy is whole—
Its sweetness half was lost to me,
For dearest idol of my soul
Our pleasure gave no joy to thee;
And how I wished that thou wert there
When every note its magic threw
And thought of Heaven more bliss could share,
Hadst thou but felt its sweetness too.

And as I lived in memory's dream,
The vanished days of youth again,
And felt some glow of pleasure's dream
Revived in every tender strain,
I thought hadst thou been there to feel,
Could life give aught of bliss more dear,
But my fond heart a sigh would steal,
For ah! thou wert not dearest near.

P. T. M'G.

* * *

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

* * *

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the Northwestern Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily tourist sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered tourist sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6 p.m. and 10:20 p.m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South. For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

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FIFTH FLOOR.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF WILLIAM CUMMINGS DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of William Cummings, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1896, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 21, 1895.

EDWARD B. HEALY,
Administrator.

David Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

NO CURE. NO PAY.

DR. KEAN,

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

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Fine Candies

For the coming holidays. The public will find it to their interest to visit the store of

GUNTHER'S, 212 STATE ST.,

for Fine and Delicious Candy and Chocolates. Absolutely Pure. Price 15, 25, 40 and 60 cents a pound. Put up in beautiful boxes suitable for presents.

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WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALERS.

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Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines Specialty.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,

Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents

134 WEST MADISON STREET.

OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

A CYNICAL SUMMARY.

This world is but a fleeting show,
  And little joy he gleans
Who curiously undertakes
  To look behind the scenes.

It is not what the player does
  That in the long run tells
In rounding out his base ball fame,
  But what the umpire yells.

The fleetest racer sometimes fails
  The victory to claim;
'Tis not the horse that gets in first,
  But the one the judges name.

And so it is with all success
  That human life may see;
'Tis not the man that counts, but what
  The man is thought to be.
—Washington Star.

HIS $100,000 BANK ACCOUNT.

What Happened When a Capitalist Suddenly Met His Bank's Paying Teller.

A paying teller of a down town bank tells an interesting story of a Cuban experience of his. "I shall never forget," he said, "how I nearly sent a man into fits one day last winter, all because I met him unexpectedly.

"I had been planning a little jaunt down to Cuba for some time. As it was doubtful when I should be able to get away from the bank I said nothing about it to my friends or the bank's customers. I had been instrumental in getting a good sized account for the bank—one of those $100,000 ones that are hard to pick up nowadays and worth quite a good deal of money to us. I knew the head of this concern, and, in fact, had got the account through him. He told us when he gave it to us that he was in a hurry to get it fixed satisfactorily because he was about to go to Cuba.

"As soon as I was able to get away I sailed for Havana. I staid in the island nearly a month, having a most delightful time and keeping one eye open for my friend of our new account. I was just about ready to start for home when I met him, quite by chance, in one of the Havana shops. When he saw me he jumped back about five feet, as if he had been shot from out of a gun.

"'God bless my soul—you here?' he said. 'Wh-y, wha-t?' He seemed struck all in a heap. 'You here? Good heavens!' I had to laugh, and laugh hard at that, for I knew what was troubling him. He was thinking of that $100,000 balance, and worrying about it—a little. You see, as I was the paying teller of the bank, the thought naturally flashed through his mind that I had skipped with the bank's funds and a large slice of his hundred thousand.

"Of course, as soon as he saw me laugh and his excitement had cooled down a little he began to see the fun of the thing and that he and the bank were safe, after all. We found out we were going home on the same steamer and ten minutes later we walked over to the American consul's office together and got our passports vised. And we had a jolly time of it back on the boat."—New York World.

Great Men and the Presidency.

There is nothing more pathetic in our history than the successive disappointments of great men in the matter of the presidency. They have dedicated their lives to the service of the country with the belief that their labors would surely bring them what they earned, but after all their endeavors, they have been disappointed and the prize has gone to men of inferior merits, as if in contempt of the rules of justice and propriety. There is no way to explain this curious irony of destiny. We only know that it is a part of the established order of things, and no man is great enough to be exempt from it.

In a sense, men of superior ability are always at a disadvantage, by reason of the envy that they provoke and the hostility that they excite, but this should not be sufficient to deprive them of what rightfully belongs to them, as the presidency certainly has rightfully belonged to a number of men who have not been able to obtain it.

The tendency of such a form of government as ours should be to reward public men according to their true deserts and to keep the highest office filled with the best examples of current greatness, but the truth is that it does not thus justify itself.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Puppy Fainted Away.

"Speaking of dogs," said Superintendent John Horne of the Mount Washington railway, "did you ever see a dog faint away?" No one had. "Well I have," said the veteran railroad official, and then he proceeded to tell of a very young pup which was taken from its mother and remained at the signal station on Mount Washington all winter, several years ago. When taken down the mountain in the spring, he met another dog, who undertook to make his acquaintance. "You will observe," said Mr. Horne, "the young fellow didn't remember ever having seen a dog, and doubtless thought the one before him was the only other dog in the world. So he keeled over in a dead faint."—"Among the Clouds."

That Planet Signaling Scheme.

What has become of the planet signaling scheme suggested by the speculative astronomers two or three years ago? If we remember aright, it was proposed to signal the planet Mars by mapping out an immense right angled triangle on the desert of Sahara, cover the same with light combustibles and set fire to it on some moonless night. It was hoped that the Marsians would see such a blazing figure and answer with the Pythagorean figure of three squares built on the side of the triangle. The desert is still available, and so are the light combustibles. —St. Louis Republic.

Solitude relieves us when we are sick of company, and conversation when we are weary of being alone, so that the one cures the other. There is no man so miserable as he that is at a loss to use his time.—Seneca.

No married subject in Austria can procure a passport to go beyond the frontier unless he can produce a written consent from his wife.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

To Subscribers and Organizers of Clubs, Offered by

"THE CITIZEN."

The Citizen offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

2. "Glimpses of the World," 268 full page views of places, sights and scenes all over the planet, from pictures by the celebrated traveler and lecturer, John L. Stoddard, one of the most beautiful and instructive volumes ever published, 550 pages, silk cloth binding.

3. "Pictorial Wonderland of Painting and Sculpture," from the best galleries of the world, embracing over 200 superb half-tone reproductions of the most famous medieval and modern masterpieces of art; cloth binding.

4. "Webster's Dictionary," bound in sheep, or half Russia, original edition revised and enlarged. This Dictionary contains every word that Noah Webster ever defined, and 10,000 additional words, 1,708 pages and 1,500 illustrations.

5. "Scenic America, or the Beauties of the Western Hemisphere," 256 pages, half-tone pictures, with descriptions by John L. Stoddard. Bound in cloth.

6. "The Farmer's Encyclopædia," by Prof. D. Magner, the celebrated horse-tamer and trainer; a book that should be in every farmer's house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

To any Subscriber, who pays all arrears and subscription in advance, and brings in one additional paid up subscriber:

1. "The White House Cook Book," the best cook book ever printed, and most valuable in every household. Bound in cloth.

2. "Dainty Work for Pleasure and Profit," being practical lessons on all kinds of art work, needlework, designing, painting, china decorating, etc, made easy. Bound in cloth.

These two latter valuable household books are especially designed for the ladies.

3. "Barnum's Wild Beasts, Birds and Reptiles of the World," an exceedingly interesting publication, particularly adapted for students and the young; 514 pages, copiously illustrated, cloth binding.

4. "Conquering the Wilderness, or Heroes and Heroines of Pioneer Life and Adventure," by Col. Frank Triplett; 742 pages, illustrated; cloth binding.

5. "Tennyson's Poems," a complete and beautiful edition. Cloth bound.

To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workingmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

TERMS—The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows: Individual subscriptions, $2.50 each; club subscriptions (not less than five members), $2.00 each. Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-Office Order, Express Order, or Registered Mail. Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested. Call at The Citizen office and see the splendid premiums we are offering.

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

THE FASTNET LIGHT.

It Is the First Glimpse the American Gets of Foreign Shores.

The first glimpse of Great Britain that the American tourist gets on his European tour is that of the Fastnet lighthouse.

It stands on a rugged and solitary rock, situated nine miles south of Crookhaven, at the extreme southwest corner of Ireland, and is perhaps more storm-beaten than any other around our coast. The rock is 80 feet in height, and the lighthouse towers another 70 feet above, yet, in winter gales, the Atlantic billows literally bombard the massive structure and have even smashed in a portion of the lantern at the summit of the erection, the seas frequently sweeping over the rock with tremendous force. Some two or three years ago the stormy weather then prevailing prevented all communication with the rock for many weeks, so that the store of food was consumed, with the exception of some flour. At last a schooner managed to approach sufficiently near to enable a small quantity of food to be dragged through the sea by the hungry men, and fortunately the next day the sea moderated, and the stores were once more fully replenished.

Except in very calm weather the Fastnet is surrounded by a fringe of foam, and the only means of landing is by the aid of a "jib" 58 feet in length, so placed on the rock that, in moderate weather, its end reaches outside the surf. When a visitor wishes to land (an unusual occurrence), he is rowed in a small boat as near as the waves permit, and the lightkeepers throw out a small buoy, attached to a rope, which is secured by the man in the boat. The jib is then swung out, and the visitor, placing one foot in the loop and catching tight hold of the rope, is hoisted about 40 feet vertically, and then the jib, being pivoted at its foot, swings him horizontally about 100 feet on to a safe landing.—London Sketch.

ENGINEERING BY A MOUSE.

The Skillful Plan by Which He Got Himself Out of a Deep Hole.

"While digging holes for telegraph poles at Byron, Me.," said a Western Union man, "I became interested in watching the ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse. He fell into one of the holes, which was 4½ feet deep and 20 inches across. The first day he ran around the bottom of the hole, trying to find some means of escape, but could not climb out. The second day he settled down to business. He began steadily and systematically to dig a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade. He worked night and day, and as he got farther from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could either lie or sit and rest. Interested witnesses threw in food.

"At the end of two weeks the mouse struck a rock. This puzzled him. For nearly a day he tried to get under, around or over the obstruction, but without success. With unflinching patience he reversed his spiral and went on tunneling his way in the opposite direction. At the end of four weeks he reached the top and probably sped away to enjoy his well earned freedom. His escape was not seen. When his food was put in in the morning, he was near the surface, but at night the work was seen to be complete, and the little engineer, whose pluck and skill had saved his life, had left."—New York Sun.

The Only Venomous Bird.

Among all the thousands of feathered creatures classified by the trained ornithologists, but one, the rpir n'doob, or "bird of death," is known to be venomous. This queer and deadly species of the winged and feathered tribe is a native of the island of Papua, or New Guinea. The bird is described as being about the size of a common tame pigeon, of gray plumage, and a tail of extraordinary length, ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet red. It is a marsh bird and is found to inhabit only the immense stagnant pools adjoining the lakes of the interior of the island. The rpir has a hooked beak, as sharp as a cock's spur and hollow. The venom with which he inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which nature has provided for that purpose and which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under this poison secreting laboratory in the roof of the mouth is a small, fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim, this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound. No man, native or otherwise, was ever known to recover from a bite inflicted by a rpir n'doob. The suffering in such cases is said to be much more agonizing than in cases of rattlesnake and Gila monster bites.—St. Louis Republic.

Lombroso.

Professor Lombroso, the famous criminologist, is thus described by one who knows him well: "In appearance Lombroso is not distinguished. He is short and rather stout; a few silvery threads shine in his dark hair; his mustache is gray, his imperial entirely white. His conversation is simple and pleasing and rendered exceedingly interesting by his powerful memory and vast learning. Owing to his long residence in Turin, he uses many Piedmontese words and phrases."

A Bargain.

She—I bought you a beautiful box of cigars today.

He—But I've got cigars to burn already.

"Yes, but they were so cheap! The man told me the box alone was worth the price I paid."—Yonkers Statesman.

Gives Warning.

Venomous snakes are slow in doing mischief. The cobra di capello, the toy of Indian jugglers, retains its fangs, but never uses them except to resent injuries, and then, opening its crest and hissing violently, it darts on its victim, who has notice to escape.

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TO MAN AND HELPER.

THE MEANING OF A FAMILIAR ITEM WELL KNOWN TO WOMEN.

How Sam Patched the Wall Paper and Fan Acted as Helper—Adam and His Agricultural Pursuits In the Garden of Eden Painted by a Modern Eve.

That too familiar item on our plumber's bills, "To man and helper," is expressive of so much in our daily domestic relations that one almost forgives the plumber the gift of the phrase.

"I'll patch up that paper on the wall; you leave it," says Sam. And then Sam appears on a day when you are in the thick of some particularly absorbing household task and he says: "I've come up early to mend that paper, and if you'll just make some paste for me, please, I'll go at it." You sigh, but do it cheerfully, thinking, if it is early in your married life, that that will be all. Presently, however, there is a demand for rags, stepladder, pail and whisk broom. These also you get out and return to your work.

"Fan," calls Sam, "where have you hidden my brush? It was in the toolbox right in the left hand corner, and it is gone. Some one must have taken it." Again you leave your task and go up stairs or down stairs to the place whence cometh the plaint and behold the brush a little to the northeast perchance, but quite in the visible neighborhood of that little left hand corner. Without even a blush of shame he takes it, and you return to your own work. You have barely begun again, when Sam appears at the door: "Where can I find a box the right size to set on the stairs, so that I can put some boards across on which to stand the stepladder?"

You think a minute, and you know that the only box available is one filled with odds and ends of needful kitchen things, but you resignedly lay them all out on the floor and give Sam the box, catching at the same moment a look which reveals that he is about to ask you for the boards. There are only two long boards on the premises, and those form a walk in the backyard. Still they can be taken up, and they are—but it entails vigorous brushing and cleansing. Then for a time Sam vanishes, and all is serene, but not for long. There are a clatter of boards and notes of masculine trouble, which you ignore, until, finding that it is not a day for taking hints, Sam calls again, "Fan, will you please come and steady this thing, or I'll break my neck." Of course you go, and of course you find that he has not already broken it. You get odds and ends of things together to even up and strengthen his rickety scaffolding, and then you sit on a step with your head up between the boards to steady the ladder, except when you vary it by handing a pasty rag, or a brush, or a match for his pipe. Then is the time you say, "To man and helper, three hours," and get your revenge, for Sam really sees the point.

Now, it is a strange thing that it is always "man and helper." If a woman undertakes anything, as a rule she goes ahead and gets her things together and does it all by herself, but if a man starts any task not in the line of his ordinary business he will manage to draw to himself the assistance of every woman within call. If it is driving nails, some one must hand the nails to him; a woman would keep them in her pocket or mouth. If he is riveting something, the woman must hold the other hammer on the under side and get in her arm the jar of the stroke. If he even mends his fishrod or ties his flies, she must hold the waxed thread or turn the rod with both hands. I do not see how any married woman can doubt the truth of the Scriptures. Why, to her, the fifteenth and eighteenth verses of the second chapter of Genesis set the seal of truthfulness upon the whole. When man was made and put in the garden of Eden to tend it, he hadn't been there a day before woman had to be made to help him. He couldn't get along alone at all. Fancy him starting out to sow his radish seed and having nobody to ask how far she thought he ought to put the rows apart, so he could put them some other distance. It must have been awful!

Poor Eve! For of all conditions of "helper" that of the gardener's helper is the worst. It is easy to imagine her—her day's work over, as she supposes—planning for a quiet rest upon a cool green bank through the long summer twilight. Along comes Adam, belated in his work, because he had been casting his line from shady nooks into deep, mossy pools, where the speckled trout are lying, and he says to Eve: "My dear, won't you come along with me into the garden? I haven't seen anything of my darling all day. You can sit on a nice soft stone in the path while I work." And poor, easily beguiled by love Eve gets up and follows right along, but, alas, the stone has not changed its nature any more than Adam has. It is not soft, and perhaps that is the reason why Adam does not keep her sitting there long. Good, kind Adam! He wants the rake, and it is down at the house, or maybe it was a bower, and she may as well bring along a measuring line, of which also she may hold one end when she gets back. And then as Adam gets absorbed he absorbs more and more of Eve. She rakes up the weeds which he has hoed out. She holds up the vines which he ties to the trellis. She trots back and forth for the primitive implements, and she smiles, as if she enjoyed it, but it is a weary woman who, as dusk yields to darkness, accompanies Adam to the house, lugging numerous odds and ends. It is her compensation, as she greets Abel and his wife, who are waiting for her, to hear Adam telling his son, "I've done a lot in the garden tonight. I think I'll lay off in the middle of the day tomorrow and take a try for those trout in Cain's meadow brook."—New York Times.

At Hammerfest, in Norway, the polar night lasts from Nov. 18 to Jan. 23.

Handel's Obstinacy.

A child's obstinacy does not always bring as fortunate results as was the case with Handel, the great musician. His extraordinary resoluteness as a boy doubtless led to that great success which crowned the later years of his life. When he was some 7 years of age, his father had occasion to visit a son by a former wife, who was valet to the Duke of Saxe Weissenfels. Traveling in those days—200 years ago—was tedious and expensive, and Dr. Handel did not desire to be delayed with the care of an "infant" during a journey which the demands of a responsible profession would probably make as short as possible.

But the future giant of music would go. He cried, bellowed and eventually ran along the road after the vehicle, until the tender feelings of the doctor could refuse no longer. In an evil moment for his jurisprudence scheme he took the child with him.

No sooner did the little fellow reach the ducal residence than he gave rein to his fancy on the keys of every instrument that he found open. The remarkable music that came from the finger tips of the child's hands was soon the object of wonder and conversation throughout the palace, and all this was intensified when he secured an opportunity of touching the keys of the chancel organ within the hearing of the duke.

Such a throb started from that chapel organ when little Handel's tendriled fingers chose the keys, and the soul of the duke was touched as it never had been touched before—truly a momentous occurrence, since but for it Handel's sacred music might never have been written.

The duke's attention having been arrested, he inquired of Dr. Handel concerning the child's future, and eventually succeeded in placing him for three years' study under Zachau, the organist of Halle cathedral. This was the beginning of Handel's musical education.—Youth's Companion.

Wretched London Houses.

The majority of London houses are unfit to live in, quite apart from their defective drainage. About questions of foundations much mere nonsense has been written recently, and all the while death is allowed to be continually active in the roofs. Houses are mostly built with some part of the outer walls but one brick—of nine inches—thick, and workmen's houses, "self contained," are wholly built with merely nine inch work. Yet bricks are seldom made so dense that moisture cannot penetrate a nine inch wall, and 14 inch is the least that should be used for the main walls of dwelling houses. This slight extra thickness and the joint of mortar at a corresponding little extra cost tend to obstruct both heat and cold, both damp and sound.

The heat in summer time and cold in winter never are efficiently excluded by a nine inch, one brick wall, and in the winter freezing outer walls condense the moisture in the rooms, which thus become unwholesome. Roofs are constructed with extreme tenuity; an inch of slate and plaster is the wholly insufficient covering and protection of an average London house. The attics, low pitched and extremely hot or cold, are quite unfit for servants' sleeping rooms. No wonder that so many of these girls are stunted, narrow chested and anemic and that consumption has become a national disease. The servants sit or work in basement rooms in 70 degrees of heat for several hours, then going up to these cold attics they experience an immediate fall of 35 degrees or even 45 degrees. And in that frost and chill they lie throughout the winter's night, while in the summer the excessive heat is painfully exhausting.—Quarterly Review.

The Royal Stag.

The sun was shining brilliantly as at midsummer, and I knew the snow would speedily disappear off the hills. Punctually at 8 o'clock John made his appearance, and off we started, full of hopeful anticipation. After three-quarters of an hour's climbing we spied the eight pointer with his seraglio of hinds lying on the lee side of a small ridge. Keeping low down to avoid disturbing them, we circled round and continued our ascent toward the summit. Carefully examining every bit of fresh ground as it came in sight, we discovered some hinds in a small correi about half a mile distant. Expecting to find a stag with them, we advanced cautiously in their direction.

The nature of the ground being favorable, we had no difficulty in crawling within 150 yards of the herd. John was carrying the rifle, in which he had put a couple of cartridges, and left part of the stock sticking out of the cover in order to be ready for any emergency. As we peered over a rocky bowlder there confronted us a scene worthy the brush of a Landseer. A large red stag was standing, with broadside exposed, a little over 100 yards distant. At a glance I observed it was a twelve pointer. Between 40 and 50 hinds were feeding around. These, however, I scarcely noticed, my eyes being riveted on the fat haunches and symmetrical antlers of the "royal" stag.

Without moving my body I mechanically reached forth my hand and seized the rifle. Feeling that John held it firm, I looked round to discover the reason. Still keeping hold of the rifle, he whispered, "It is the reserved stag."—Blackwood's Magazine.

The Verdict.

"Did the jury find the prisoner guilty?" inquired a man concerning a burglar.

"No, sir," responded the policeman. "They didn't find him at all. He got away."—Detroit Free Press.

Only Skin Deep.

"Villain!" she hissed. "Deep dyed villain!" The tattooed man looked hurt. "Indeed, ma'am," said he, "I hasten to assure you that it is only skin deep."—Catholic Mirror.

BALLADE OF DREAMS TRANSPOSED.

Some may like to be shut in a cage
Cooped in a corner a-tippling tea,
Some may in troublesome toil engage
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
Over the mountain and over the sea
Now in the country and now in the town,
And when I'm wrinkled and withered, maybe
Then I'll marry and settle down.

Some may pore over a printed page
And never know bird nor beast nor tree,
Watching the world from book or stage,
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
So, ho for the forest, and ho for the lea
And ho for the river and prairie brown,
And ho for a gay, long jubilee!
Then I'll marry and settle down.

Why should I wait till gray old age
Brings me the chance to be rich and free?
I have no money. It makes me rage,
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
Though oft, with my lover upon my knee,
She has frolicsome eyes and a fetching gown!
I fear if my heart's to be held in fee,
Then I'll marry and settle down.

ENVOY.

Prince, my sweetheart, will not agree,
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
She says I must stay, and I fear her frown;
Then I'll marry and settle down.
—Lark.

RELICS OF HANSE MERCHANTS.

A Museum Full of Curious Reminders of the Old Baltic League.

But one of the most entertaining places was the Hanseatic house, or museum, which stands in the Finnegaard, on the Tydskebrygge. It is the last remaining habitation occupied by that notorious ring of German traders who settled down in Bergen, Norway, in the fourteenth century and monopolized its commerce for some 200 or 300 years, until its power was finally broken in the eighteenth century. All the other houses have been burned or otherwise destroyed, and this was the only one left standing.

We climbed up to a room in the second story, about 8 by 15 feet square, and here were shown a large number of curious articles formerly used by these old merchants. There were scales and weights, the latter being of two sorts—one for buying and one for selling—clocks, lanterns, candlesticks, snuffboxes, washing bowls, drinking cups and tankards, machines for chopping cabbage and staves with bags for making collections in church. We were also shown lamps that were fed with cod liver oil, not then used for medicinal purposes; decorations made of strips of dried codfish, and the arms of the league—half an eagle and half a cod, the latter surmounted by a crown which suggested the origin of the term "codfish aristocracy."

Then, through a dark, rickety stairway, we continued our climb to the third story and were shown the merchants' business office and the apartments for the clerks and bedrooms for all. These last were the most curious of the whole suit, for the beds are constructed like the berths of a ship and are closed on one side with hinged or sliding doors, while on the other shutters open to a passage beyond to enable the female domestics to make the beds without entering the men's rooms. The Hanseatic community was supposed to be strictly celibate in order to prevent its members from intermarrying with Norwegians, and thus allowing the natives to obtain a share of the monopolized trade.—Boston Transcript.

A Dwarf Takes Second Growth.

Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the celebrated English dwarf of the seventeenth century, was doubtless the most widely known human curiosity of his time. He was born of parents of the normal size at Rutlandshire in 1619. At birth he weighed less than a pound and a half, and was only 8 inches in length. He did not begin to walk until after the end of his third year, his height at that time being less than a foot. At the end of his seventh year he was taken into the family of the Duke of Buckingham, having between the ages of 3 and 7 years added but four inches to his stature. With Buckingham he lived until 30 years old, at which time he was only 18 inches in height when equipped in fashionable high heeled shoes.

At the age of 30, however, a remarkable change came over the midget, and for the next five years his growth was as remarkable for its rapidity as it had previously been for its backwardness. At the age of 30 his height had been scant 1½ feet. At 35 it was 3 feet and 9 inches! How or why this remarkable change was brought about was a question too deep for the Society of Royal Surgeons, who, time and again, discussed the phenomenon without arriving at any satisfactory conclusions. Hudson lived to be 68, which is three times the average length of life among giants.—St. Louis Republic.

Proved It.

Fortune Teller—You may in time make a good income, but you will never be rich.

Young Man—Eh? Why not?

Fortune Teller—You are not saving. You are wasteful.

Young Man—My, my, I'm afraid that is true! You have a wonderful gift! How did you know I was wasteful?

Fortune Teller—You have just wasted 5 shillings getting your fortune told.—London Tit-Bits.

A Left Handed One.

"Do you understand French, Jack?" asked an Alleghany young man of his chum.

"A little."

"Then perhaps you can help me. Miss Northside told me last night that I was non persona grata, and I would like to know what sort of a compliment she meant to bestow upon me."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind, no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not, sooner or later, responded.—Lowell.

It is said that among the Mexican populace there is an idea that the lizard warns man of the approach of a serpent.

DIDN'T HOLD OUT.

His Goodness Was Not Sufficient In Quantity For the Occasion.

On the Third avenue cable car the other day a stranger looked at me long and steadily, and when I got off at Fourteenth street he likewise descended and said to me:

"Sir, I beg your pardon."

"For what?" I queried.

"If I have annoyed you or hurt your feelings."

"I'm sure you haven't done either."

"Then I am glad. I never hurt any one's feelings intentionally, and am always ready to beg pardon if I am in the wrong. The other day I went to brush a horsefly off a man's hat and knocked his hat off. I at once apologized in the most effusive manner, but he turned on me and called me a galoot and a dodo. Was he a fair specimen of your New York gentlemen, sir?"

"Well, hardly, but he was probably taken by surprise."

"Yes, perhaps. Down here on Ninth street I accidentally ran against a woman. As soon as I could recover from the recoil I took off my hat and bent low and tendered my regrets in the most heartfelt manner. Did she accept them? No, sir! She called me a jay and punched me with her parasol. Was she a specimen of the feminine culture and refinement of your great city?"

"Probably not, but you must make allowances for her being surprised."

"Yes, I will, but on Broadway yesterday I found a handkerchief which some one had lost. I could have kept it, but I'm not that kind of a man. I went up to a young man carrying a cane and wearing a plug hat, and assuming my most engaging demeanor I asked him to take charge of the article till an owner was found. Did he do so? Far from it! He called me names and threatened me and almost struck me with his cane. Can I take it that he represents the coming generation of this fair city?"

"He was probably a dude, and you wounded his vanity."

"That may be, but I didn't mean to. Take another case—take me and you, for instance. I remove my hat—so. I bow—thus. I smile—like this. And now I ask you if you could spare a hungry and penniless man"—

"No, sir, I couldn't."

"Couldn't spare me 10 cents?"

"No, sir."

"And as a representative of the bloated bondholding class of this wicked and cold hearted city you rebuff me?"

"I do."

He looked at me for 30 seconds to see if I was in earnest, and then growled:

"I'll remember that mug of yours, and if I run across it some night, I'll break your nose with profusive gentility!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Watch Adjuster.

Perhaps the most highly skilled and best paid men in the watchmaking business are the watch adjusters. One adjuster in a great factory used to receive $10,000 a year.

The adjuster's work is one of the important elements of cost in the making of a fine watch, and a $10,000 adjuster should be competent to perfect any watch, whatever its delicacy and cost. It is the business of the adjuster to take a new watch and carefully go over all its parts, fitting them together so that the watch may be regulated to keep time accurately to the fraction of a minute a month. Regulating is a very different process from adjusting, and much simpler. A watch that cannot be regulated so as to keep accurate time may need the hand of the adjuster, and if it is valuable, the owner will be advised to have it adjusted. There are watch adjusters in New York working on their own account and earning very comfortable incomes.

To the adjuster every watch that comes under his hands gets to have a character of its own. He knows every wheel and screw and spindle that helps to constitute the watch. He knows its constitution as a physician knows that of an old patient. He can say what the watch needs after an accident, and can advise as to whether it is worth adjusting.

No new watch can be depended upon until it has passed through the hands of the adjuster, for however admirable the individual parts of the works, their perfect balance is to be obtained only by such study and experiment as it is the business of the adjuster to make. The adjuster is a highly skilled mechanic, with wide knowledge of his trade and the utmost deftness in its prosecution.—New York Sun.

British Museum Curios.

Among curiosities lately acquired by the British museum the first place is due to some very remarkable acquisitions connected with Charles I, one being a copy of the secret instructions to the commissioners appointed for raising a forced loan in 1626. No other printed copy is at present known to exist, and Mr. Gardiner, while writing his history of the time, was obliged to refer to a manuscript in the state paper office. The interest of this copy is much enhanced by its being addressed to the county of Nottingham, where Charles was destined to commence the civil war 16 years afterward, and by its bearing his signature on the first page of the text.

With this is to be mentioned a copy of the 1633 edition of Sternhold and Hopkins' Psalter, bound in silk, richly embroidered with silver, with portraits of Charles and Henrietta Maria worked on the covers, and a bookmark with the motto, "Your captive king from prison bring." It is inclosed in an embroidered silk sachet, and accompanied by a pair of richly worked kid gloves. The freshness of the objects, which are said to have belonged to Mrs. Osborn, one of Queen Henrietta's ladies in waiting, is surprising. Another acquisition connected in some measure with Charles I is one of the seven extant Scriptural Harmonies, prepared by the community of Little Gidding, another of which, executed for the king at his own request, was already in the museum.—Academy.

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The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

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Div 10—P Cummings, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brannigan, R S, 5020 Dryer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Owasco st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kirby, Fin Sec; M J Connery, Treas. Meets in Anchor hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

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Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Linge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State-sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

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Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 899 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M. Sullivan, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Placek hall, 2941 Union av.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1233 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

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Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O'Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O'Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 130 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 524 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 287 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 739 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 348 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1826 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 329 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 3:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3550 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3306 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas. Dr John B McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Dawy, C R, 150 S Peoria st: Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 456 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 326 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 398 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 37th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 445 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassily, 681 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9223 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4030 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 347 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 39 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlbracht, 1087 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 326 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3808 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Hendricks, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Rual's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Josephs st; R S, T T Pratte, 2831 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Boudard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, [illegible] 263 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph [illegible] T, P Mueller. Meet [illegible] St W [illegible]

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P [illegible] 532 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John [illegible] Meet 1st and 2d Mondays in school [illegible] Cass st and Chicago av.

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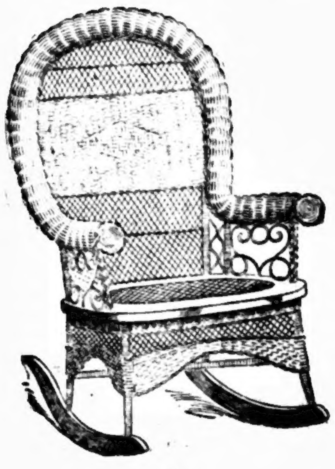

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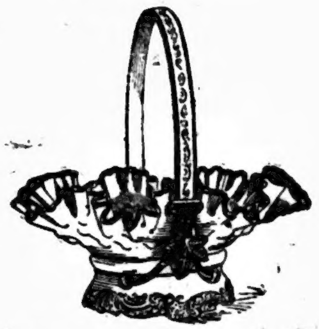

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5. Tenor Solo........"Who Fears to Speak of '98
6. Alto Solo........"Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow"
7. Recitation........"Shamus O'Brien"
8. Song........Master Dobney
9. Irish Airs........Bagpipes
10. Duet........"Lily of Killarney"
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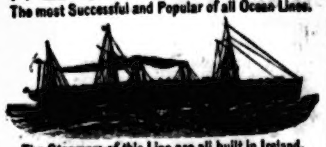

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